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The ANNUAL

MANSFIELD

20

M. Nancy Sanchill
311 Marion Ave.
Springfield, Ohio.

1922

The Annual

Published by the Students of
Mansfield High School

Volume XIII

Published by the Staff in behalf of the Senior Class
of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty

To

Miss Louise Jordan

as a slight token of our regard for her and
our appreciation of what she has done
for old M. H. S. and the entire
student body, this book is
most respectfully
dedicated.

Staff

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Poetry Editor
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Society Editor
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Prize Awards

Prize Drawing

RUTH MILLER, '23

Senior Story

DAVID CUMMINS, '20

Junior Story

ROBERT ACKERMAN, '21

Sophomore Story

HELEN KEATING, '22

Freshman Story

KENNETH KIPLINGER, '23

EDITORIALS

At last we have produced our Annual. It may not be all we had wished, but it is the best that time, opportunity and ability have allowed us to put out. Since we are laboring under the burden of its being the 13th Annual, compiled by a staff of 13 members, beside the increased cost of production, the high cost of living, etc., it has been some proposition, but we have come thru almost alive. If there is anything which you do not like, don't tell us about it, but try to think up a better way of doing it and then give next year's staff the benefit of your research. Hoping that these faults will be few and far between, we respectfully submit this volume for your approval.

This year each of the classes is entirely organized and under these organizations the class functions have been better and more numerous than ever. This, combined with the well organized committees of the faculty, has helped to make the student activities of this year something to be remembered after leaving school. The General Committee, composed of the heads of all classes, committees, boards and organizations, planned each week the program for the next and there was little confliction of meetings. This idea, if continued, will help to make our school notable for the system and ease with which any functions may be carried out, and will help to keep up the motto of the school, that Mansfield High always succeeds in anything it undertakes.

The Staff wishes to thank all those who have helped to decide the destiny of this book. To the Faculty Committee, composed of Mr. Schneck, Mr. Rinehart, Miss McClure and Miss Patterson, we are greatly indebted for the assistance and suggestions given us in our work. Also we would like to thank those whose contributions make up a part of this book; may you not be ashamed of the surroundings of your efforts, but proudly show it as the best part of one of the best Annuals published.

The name of this book this year remains as of old, The Annual. Altho a contest was announced for the purpose of selecting a new name, only one suggestion was handed in. Since this was announced only once, it was probably our fault that no more active results were reached, but at least the idea of a permanent name has been started and it is to be hoped that next year's staff, if they deign to accept our suggestion, will arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion and a name will be found which can be retained for all future Annuals.

Altho the conditions are such that the Board of Education can do nothing definite concerning the new high school, many plans and ideas have been framed for the arrangement of the building. It is expected to be one of the most complete high schools in the state and will easily accommodate one thousand pupils. Plans are being made for a music course comprising vocal, piano, instrumental and possibly organ training, in which the school will furnish the instruments and teachers. The chemistry and physics departments will contain lecture rooms seating about fifty people and laboratories with room and equipment for the same number. The industrial department, a small part of which has been started already, will be complete with mechanical drawing, forge, machine shop and all other necessary departments. For the convenience of the pupils and teachers there will be rest rooms, reading rooms and a library. Besides all this there will be the long sought gymnasium with locker rooms, showers, and pool for the use of all students. In connection with the school will be the athletic field containing the football field, baseball diamond and running tracks, with appropriate stands and bleachers for each. From all this one can see that there will be few things lacking and we all hope that the new Mansfield High School will be everything that a city this size should have for the education of the people who will soon direct its affairs.

M. H. S.

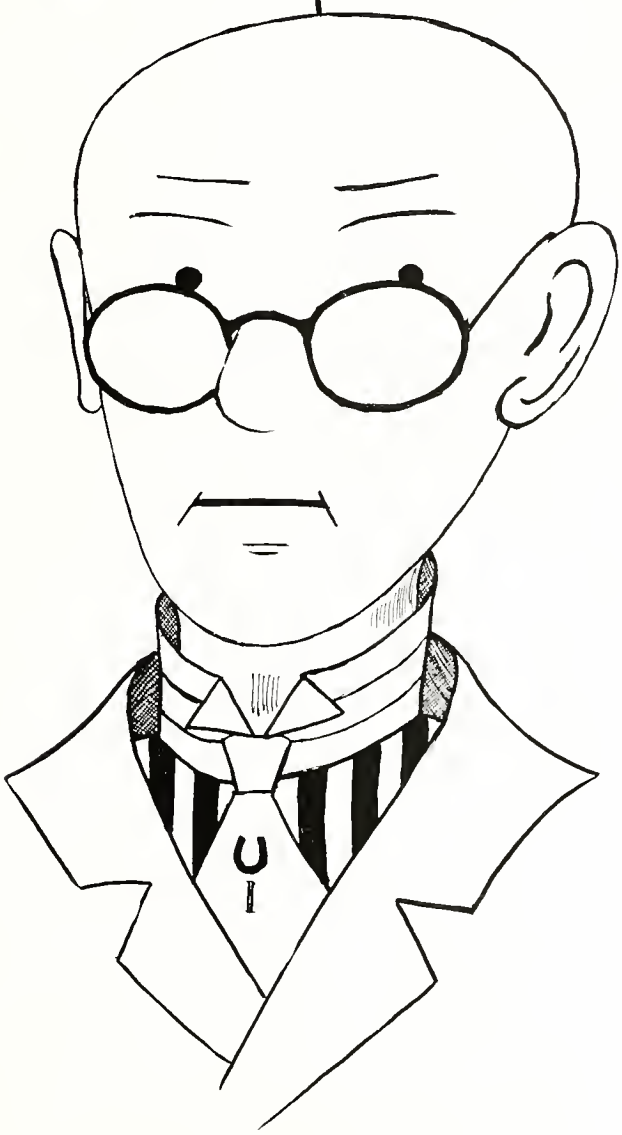
Come read in our Annual here,
That volume to Seniors most dear,
Of the deeds that our High School has done;
Deeds told here in story and picture
Of our school, the school with the future,
M. H. S. has her place in the sun.

Consider the athletes we have,
Who battle our honor to save.
In fair maidens eyes they appear
With glory weighed down and encumbered,
How full of achievements unnumbered
The record they've left for the year.

In music we have to record
Results in themselves a reward,
And we're there with the spirit, you know,
We are right on the spot when they need us,
And have leaders, all able to lead us
Down whatever pathways we go.

Then here's to Our High School, the best,
Perchance those to follow the rest,
Who'll be in when the new one is done
Will be missing a bit that we have
Of traditions and memories we love
M. H. S.—Dear old High School, our own!

FACULTY



H. H. Helter, A. B., A. M.

F. W. Whitehouse, B. A.

Miss Jordan

Miss Jordan's charming personality has always endeared her to all her pupils, but the class of Twenty has always claimed her as their own, for it was she who helped us in starting the school paper. We sincerely congratulate those pupils to whom she will come back to next year.

Mr. Jacobs

Our Faculty Manager of Athletics, is not a man one would notice because of his long and loud conversations. He is very attentive to us and a competent manager.

Miss Patterson

This stately lady has undertaken to teach us the beauties of English literature and to fit our tongues to the complexities of modern Spanish. These things she has done well, but perhaps unconsciously taught us to appreciate our native tongue. Current events is her hobby and our Waterloo, but, all in all, our last year in high school under her tutorship will ever remain among our pleasant memories.

Mr. Schneck

Mr. Schneck is a Wooster-ite—we've seen his black and gold sweater. Orrville is his home town. He teaches Physics and has regular Friday quizzes. Friday is a dark day.

Miss Muriel Aberle

She graduated from Northwestern University, Chicago. Biology and Ancient History are the subjects she teaches. How interesting she can make those old Greeks and Romans! She has the most artistic room in the building.

Miss Mary Aberle

She is a graduate of our own M. H. S. and has attended O. S. U. and Harvard summer school. Her's is the ever-guiding hand for Seniors. Is fond of giving advice and questioning our "innate refinement." At present she teaches History.

Mr. Symmes

He is the jolly man on the third floor who joined our crowd last year and the students under him in Commercial Law, Commercial Geography and Bookkeeping all feel that they have learned all that he could teach them in those subjects.

Miss Ruess

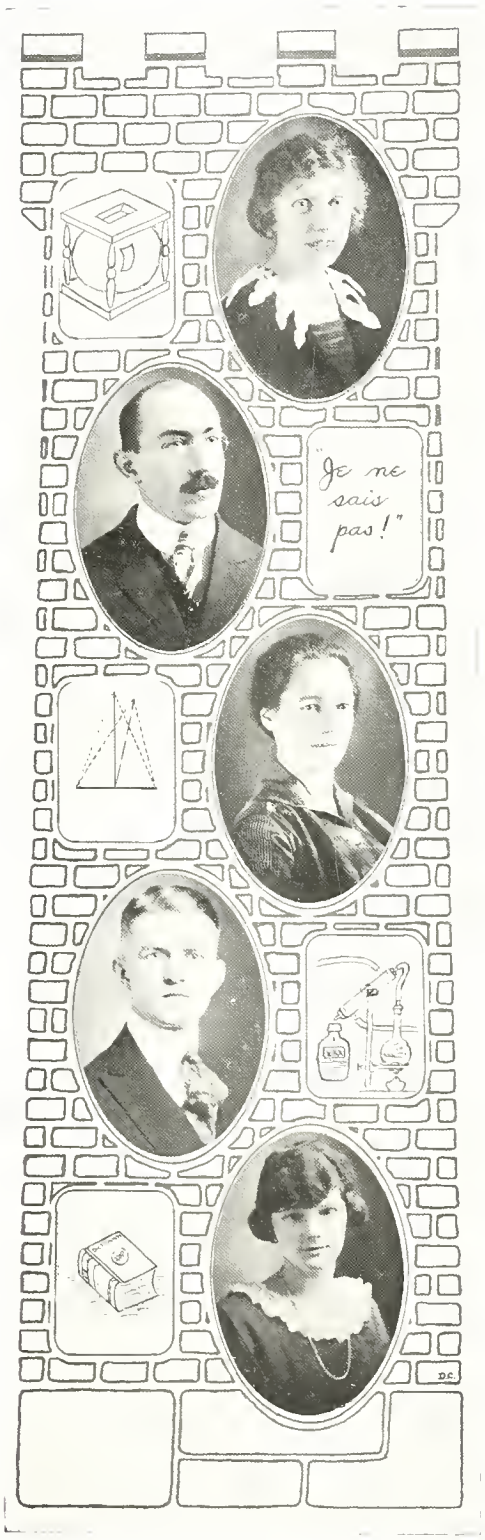
School and Junior English wouldn't be the same without Miss Ruess. Sweet and gentle, with an appropriate quotation always ready, Miss Ruess has endeared herself to every one who has known her.

Mrs. Wagner

The guardian of Study 12 is Mrs. Wagner. She was the one that scolded and gave us wonderful advice when we were Freshmen. She is a most competent advisor on the Athletic Council and it is through Mrs. Wagner's untiring efforts that the ticket sellers were so successful. When our High School carries something aeross we all know that Mrs. Wagner was the moving spirit.

Miss Kathleen Mendenhall

A graduate of M. H. S. and O. S. U. Is said to have the highest wisdom of anyone in school. A great booster for athletics and all school activities. This year she is teaching French.



Miss McClure

Miss McClure came to us from Cadiz, but her home is in Dayton. Besides Freshman English she teaches U. S. History and Civics. When Miss McClure steps up front and says, "Fo' instance," everyone knows she's starting in on some big subject and will go through with it from beginning to end.

Mr. Rhineheart

His colleges are Oberlin and University of Wisconsin, but he's from Toledo. He teaches English to the Freshmen and has classes in French. When they hear him begin, "When I was a boy," they prick up their ears and listen.

Miss Arletta Hendrickson

Miss Arletta Hendrickson received her M. A. degree from O. S. U. She is a very capable "math" teacher, and we hope that she will stay with us for some time, so that others may reap the benefits of her teaching.

Mr. Starret

Mr. Starret is our good-looking chemistry teacher, probably the reason for so many girls taking chemistry. No use, girls, he's married. Mr. Starret's characteristics are good looks, ability to mix dangerous fluids without getting blown to "eons" and his bashfulness.

Miss Bloor

Straight from Lima Miss Bloor came to teach Freshman English and the school has been the better for her coming. When she is behind any school enterprise it is sure to be a success, but we believe her greatest work was done as a chaperone in Delaware this spring.

Miss Lawrence

Miss Lawrence teaches typewriting and office training in the commercial department. She was in the Marine Corps for two years during the war and told us about her experiences at one of our mass meetings. She does not expect to be with us next year—for reference, see Mr. Roush.

Mr. Simpson

Mr. Simpson? Oh! you all know him. His home is in Kent, Ohio, and Mount Union is his college. He teaches General Science and Advanced Algebra. We think he's very good-looking and it's understood that some of the faculty are in sympathy with us on that point.

Miss Bowers

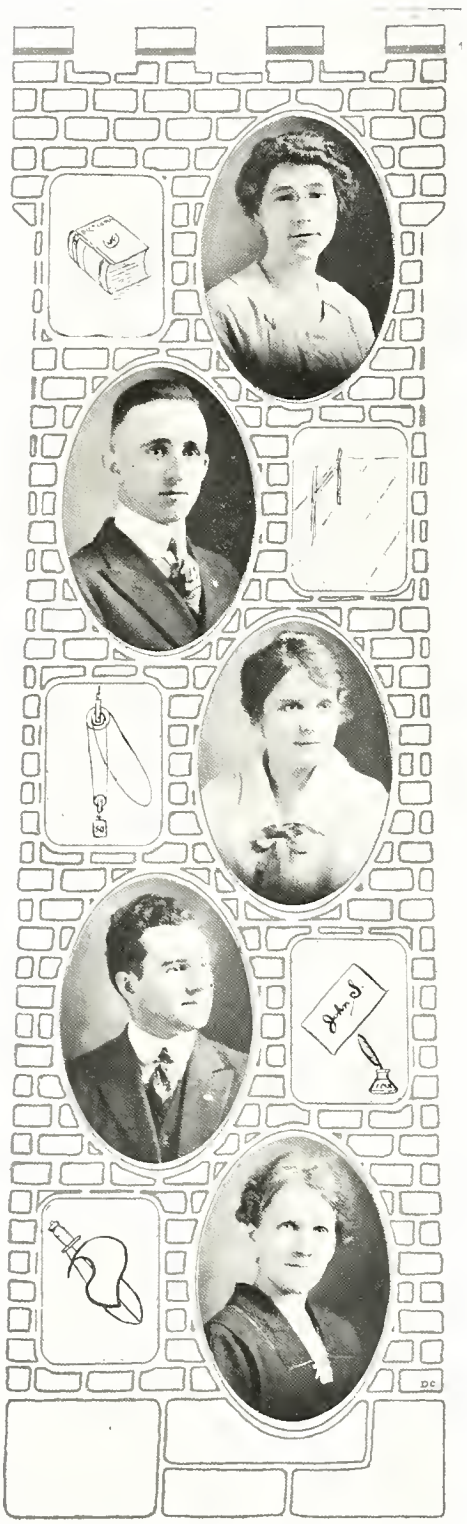
When one is a Freshman Miss Bowers may inspire one with awe, but by Senior year in Latin we have discovered how very interesting she is. Ohio Wesleyan is her Alma Mater, that is why she makes a wonderful chaperone for the girls who go to the tournament to "root" for the basketball team.

Miss Blake

Miss Blake guides the Sophomores through the mazes of Sophomore English, and we know she does it well. On the darkest day she is a shining spot. Miss Blake has been here for two years and it is the wish of all that she remain.

Miss Wolf

This is Miss Wolf's second year at M. H. S. Her subjects are shorthand and typewriting. "Now increase your speed." We hear only good of her on every side—she is respected and loved by all her pupils and many of us wish we knew her better.



Miss Shires

A graduate of Allegheny College and teaches Sophomore English. This is quite some task, but if the instructions of the teacher are in any way reflected by the pupils we surely can endorse her for a higher position.

Mr. F. M. Foster

Our Coach. Teaches Geometry during school hours. He is a graduate of O. W. U. All the pupils like him, not only because of his fine teaching, but also because he is doing so much for M. H. S. Some of us think he would make a good psycholgy professor.

Miss Waring

Miss Waring went to Allegheny. This is the first year she has taught here, although she is a graduate of M. H. S. She teaches General Science. Her talent along histrionic lines is evidenced by the brilliant presentation of the Junior play, "The Regeneration of Aunt Mary."

Mr. Roush

Mr. Roush is one of the new teachers this year. He teaches penmanship, and we hear he can write backward, forward, and upside down, and make anything from a rooster to a coat of arms of it.

Mrs. Chase

Last year, shortly after Mrs. Chase came to teach First Year Latin and Caesar, we noticed that she was never separated from her leather hand-bag. We have begun to suspect that she doesn't mind being teased and is really proud of her hobby, for the bag has stuck with her continually.

Miss Blair

Miss Blair has been the teacher in Study I since Mrs. Knote took Miss Jordan's place. She had been a student at Oberlin, but came home for a rest (?). We probably will not have her with us next year, as she plans to return to Oberlin.

Mr. Fairchild

Mathematics is the paradise of this member of our faculty, who has honored us by remaining with us during the past two years. And, without doubt, in the near future, we will realize that we have not appreciated his untiring efforts and wise counsel, though we can say that all he has said has not been in vain.

Mrs. Knote

Mrs. Knote came to us in January to supervise Study 9, but shortly after her arrival took Miss Jordan's History classes when the latter was obliged to leave school. We all like her very much.

Mr. Leedy

Mr. Leedy is one of the jolliest members of the faculty. He's a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan Univesity and he conducts the Young Idea through the intracies of Civics. He also teaches Economics, Sociology, American History and Freshman English.

Miss Moore

Every one knows little Miss Moore. To some of us the remembrance of Freshman Algebra will always bring back the picture of Miss Moore, patting back her cuffs and saying, "Now, children—."

The Faculty

Although a number of teachers did not return to us last fall, we, while we missed them, very heartily welcomed those who took their places. Our new teachers fitted themselves into the working of the school with all ease and whenever called upon to help in any school enterprise, willingly agreed, and with their new ideas aided greatly in making annual events new and novel for those interested.

After the middle of the year, the organization of the teachers submitted a salary schedule more appropriate to their needs and this will, if adopted, we hope, aid greatly in keeping a permanent staff of teachers here and thereby raise the standard of Mansfield High to the same plane of excellence on which it stands in all other respects.

SENIORS

"Dick"
Hautzenroeder.

'20

Senior Officers

HARRY KARCHER
President

MARTIN BRICKER
Vice President

THELMA BALYEAT
Secretary

K. SOTHERLAND
Treasurer

PAUL WATTS
Sergeant-at-Arms

MARVEL STRANG — *Language*

Oh, here's a girl that's marvelous,
You'll see her at each game;
Her pep and go astonish us,
You'll never find her tame.

PAUL RANDALL — *Science*

Band (1), Orchestra (1) (2), Junior Play.

Randall was the hero
In our Junior play,
And we'll wager he'll make good
In the same old snappy way.

NAOMA TERMAN — *Language*

Junior Play, Glee Club (4), Operetta.

We think of girl, we think of curl,
We think of Naomi Terman;
Beware her smile, bewitching guile,
Oh, Ruskie, heed this sermon.

PAUL WATTS — *Science*

Football (1) (2) (3) (4) Capt. (4), Baseball (3) (1), Hypho Staff, Sergeant-at-Arms (4), Quartette (2) (3), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Operetta (4), Business Manager M Association (3), Hi-Y (1) (2) (3) (4).

Wap's coiffure has progressed
As he's come thru the years,
Football, baseball and music
Can show him no fears.

GERTRUDE SONNER — *Science*

I'm the girl with the gorgeous dimples,
I'm the girl with the lovely smile,
I may be a wee bit bashful
But I make "his" life worth while.

BLANCHE DAVIS — *Language*

Great oaks from little acorns grow,
The river from the stream
Perhaps some day—we do not know—
We'll see Blanche Davis in a show
With this big placard down below,
"The fattest female ever seen."

BERNICE DICKSON — *Science*

Junior Play, Glee Club (3) (4), Operetta.
Happy, laughing, joyous Dick,
Of all the lads she takes her pick;
Oh she can sing and she can act,
An accomplished girl, now that's a fact.

EDWARD DANN — *Language*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Hypho Staff, Cheer-leader (4).
When it comes to yelling
Eddie Dann is always there,
And we doubt much if a better
Could be scared up anywhere.

RUTH BELL — *Language*

Glee Club (4), Operetta.
Now here's a girl with lots of friends
Too numerous to mention;
A little secret now we'll tell,
She's claiming Paul's attention.

FERN BEAM — *Language*

We think Fern's a mighty good friend,
Always ready her aid to lend,
We know that she is not loquacious,
But always calm, serene and gracious.

GAYLORD BAHL, JR. *Commercial*

Bahl believes in having fun
And to prove his doctrine true,
Just go with him most anywhere
And see what he will do.

HERBERT BLOSE *Science*

Hi-Y (4)

He's just a normal high-school boy,
The girls he likes to tease;
But he'll help with all ability
If you only add the please.

HELEN BEIN *Language*

Pianist (3) (4), Operetta

With her fingers our Beenie doth play with such skill
That those who would hear her would never keep still,
As soon as she plays they begin for to dance,
Even Prof. Whitehouse will start in to prance.

RUSSEL ERDENBERGER *Commercial*

This is for one
Who need not shout;
His actions tell clearly
What he's about.

GLENN COPELAND *Commercial*

Glenn seems to be backward,
We don't know him well,
But concerning his future
You never can tell.

CATHRYNE POLLOCK — *Language*

Here's Cathryne, a quiet young lady,
And one we well can commend,
Tho very demure, we are perfectly sure
She'll always stick thru to the end.

DORIS THORNE — *Language*

Glee Club (4), Operetta.

Here's a lass named Doris
Who certainly never would bore us,
For her original mind is never behind
In placing excitement before us.

GLADYS STEWART — *Language*

My hair is red
And I've heard said
That red hair means a temper;
But for my smile
It lasts a while,
In fact it stays "ad semper."

MARGARET WHEELER — *Language*

When we first met sweet Peggy
'Twas a September day,
And all her classmates listened
To what she had to say;
Now when the occasion rises
Our Peggy rises too,
We're still a-listening, my Peg,
To the words that come from you.

DAISY WESCOTT — *Language*

Daisy studies early,
Daisy studies late,
Daisy's mind is always
In a studious state.
And when the teacher calls on her
We say, "Oh what a blessin'"
For just as sure as sure can be
She always knows her lesson.

HALE STURGES — *Language*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Junior Play, Glee Club (3) (4), Manager Baseball (4).

Little Eva may not
Be of note for his size;
But as Latin professor
He'll be very wise.

ELLIS MEYER — *Langauge*

In M. H. S. there is a boy
Whose name is Ellis Meyer;
It's plain to all that his one aim
Is to keep on going higher.

PHILIP MITCHELL — *Science*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Operetta.

With plenty of fame and very good looks
He answers to the name of Phil;
And a favorite sport of catching hearts,
He may get yours, watch out, he will.

HALE REDRUP — *Science*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Junior Play (3).

If you can guess why Hale went west
We'll grant that you're some hummer;
They say he does not like the cold,
So he went where it's always Sommer.

JAMES CRUM — *Science*

Hi-Y (4), Glee Club (3) (4), Football (4), Operetta.

A woman for every day
Is Jimmy's motto.
"A show," says he "I can't afford
So I take them out in my auto."

BEATRICE WALKER *Science*

Beatrice never has much to say,
Is as quiet as a mouse the live-long day;
She studies hard there is no doubt,
She wisely knows what she's about.

SUSIE HESTON *Commercial*

Susie's studious, friendly and quiet,
Not one of our class will ever deny it;
She wastes not her time in vain, idle pleasure,
'Twould be well for the world were there more of her measure.

ETHEL LONGSDORF *Science*

In class you hardly know she's there,
Her voice is low and sweet;
But when she's out of school they say,
"That girl is hard to beat."

ELIZABETH PARSONS *Language*

Annual Staff.

Oh, here's a girl that's clever,
And here's a girl that's bright;
Not a soul can rival Betty
Tho they work with all their might.

HILDA HENRY *Language*

Hilda is quite too little to be noticed far away,
And so she knit herself a scarf (For will must find a way);
She knit it out of red and black
And green—oh, it was neat,
And Warren came and saw—
Oh my, how sweet.

FRED SEIDEL — *Commercial*

Fred's a lengthy young fellow
Of sedate repose;
He'll make an excellent salesman,
As every one knows.

MARIAN BURNS — *Language*

Junior Play (3)

Marian is a manager born,
But without her we'd be forlorn;
She strides along with jolly grin
And sticks to her friends thru thick and thin

RAYMOND WOLF — *Language*

Mandolin Club (4), Mandolin Quartette (4).

She found him quite a bashful lad,
But then she surmised
That if she got him alone
She would really be surprised.

LILLIAN CONLEY — *Commercial*

Lillian is the kind of girl
Whom we'd chose for a friend.
Through thick and thin she'll never fail,
But always her comrades defend.

RUSSELL PORCH — *Science*

In everything he undertakes
He's always calm and quiet,
If to surpass him you desire,
Take our advice—don't try it.

LYDIA AUGHEY — *Science*

Orchestra (1) (2) (3).

With the prettiest, curliest, blackest hair
And rosy cheeks beyond compare,
Our Lydia graces our school each day
And by her smiles drives care away.

MARGARET ACKERMAN — *Language*

Junior Play, Glee Club (3) (4), Mandolin Club (4); Operetta.

A girl who's a friend to every one,
A girl who's always in for fun,
A girl who works when there's work to do,
Whose true worth shines from eyes of blue.
Did you ever know her, now I beg?
Well, here she is, our own dear Peg.

ELVERDA BUSHNELL — *Commercial*

Here's a girl that's always happy,
She never, never frets;
She has pep to make life happy
And her troubles she forgets.

HELEN BISHOP — *Language*

Glee Club (3) (4), Class Secretary (3), Operetta.

A jolly friend, a worth-while girl,
With sparkling eyes and hair that will curl,
With a kindly smile for the whole wide world.
If you want to know more—why just ask Earl.

MARTHA WOODEN — *Language*

Junior Play, Glee Club (4), Orchestra (3) (4).

Why is Martha Wooden?
Answer what we ask.
Well, to tell how much we love her
Is just as hard a task.
For she is jolly kind and, oh, so bright,
Whatever she does is always right.

VIRGIL KIRTPATRICK — *Science*

Football (3) (4), Quartette (2), Hi-Y (3) (4), Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Vice President (3), Mandolin Club (4), Operetta.

Virge deserted last year
For a place he liked better;
He returns often now
And we hope he will get her.

LLOYD BROWN — *Science*

Hi-Y (4).

Foolish Brownie by the girls
Was ever led astray;
He's never found without a date,
He has them every day.

MARY WOLFORD — *Language*

Mary, Mary wears a smile,
Wears it, wears it all the while;
If Mary and her smile are there
There's nothing else for which we care.

DAVID CUMMINS — *Science*

Annual Staff.

Our David is a quiet boy,
We rarely hear him speak,
But when we would some knowlege have
It's David whom we seek.

PAUL HURSH — *Language*

Annual Staff (3) (4), Basketball Manager (3) (4), Hyphonerian Staff, Mandolin Club (4), Hi-Y (3) (4).

In the records of our High School
The name of Hursh appears,
And from Donley down to hair-cuts
There's nothing that he fears.

MARGUERITE BECK *Commercial*

Take just exactly a bushel of fun.
Another of smiles so sweet,
Mix them and mold them with common sense
And then you have our Marguerite.

HAZEL BRIGHTBILL *Commercial*

Hazel's always happy, Hazel's always gay,
Hazel adds the sunshine to the dullest day.
Hazel never worries, Hazel never sighs,
There's a world of fun and frolic in Hazel's dark brown eyes.

HELEN BENSON *Commercial*

A star commercial student,
We're introducing Helen,
Of all her many virtues
A year's not time for tellin'.

MIRIAM CAMPBELL *Commercial*

Miriam's pretty eyes and smile
Are saved for just one lad,
When other boys see what they've missed
It makes them awful sad.

MARY CALHOUN *Commercial*

John Calhoun was a fine old statesman,
And he lived long, long ago;
Mary Calhoun may not rival his glory
But she surely can hoe her own row.

MILDRED SHIVELEY *Commercial*

Mildred is both wise and good,
A fine commercial student;
She always has her lessons well,
With brains like hers who wouldn't?

GEORGE DAUM *Commercial*

Georgie's a nice little boy,
So good to every teacher,
If you think that this is all,
Won't you stop and just recall
Telling stories is an Annual feature.

LOUISE TOWER *Science*

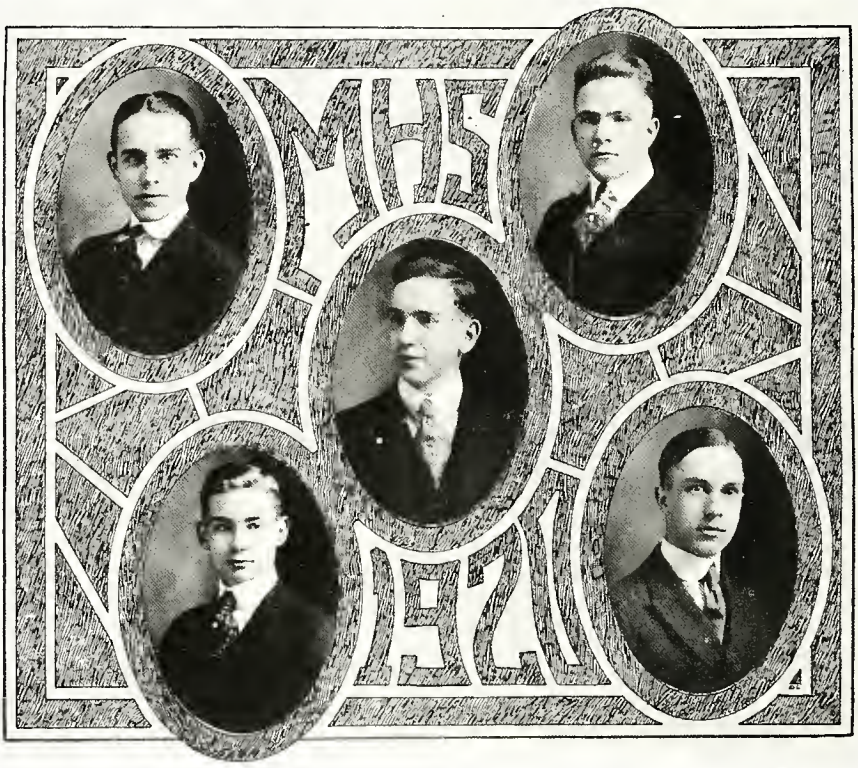
Now here's a girl we all agree
Is just as sweet as sweet can be,
And quiet too and very neat,
In physics lab she's hard to beat.

LESLIE STAIGER *Commercial*

Hi-Y (4).
Leslie helped us each year
In class basketball,
He's just care free and gay,
Can't be worried at all.

MARGARET TRYON *Language*

Margaret isn't very tall,
In fact we think that she's quite small,
But she's a friend that's gay and pleasant,
We're always glad when she is present.



JACK BERGER *Commercial*

Hi-Y (4), Operetta.
We have a boy named Berger
Whose first name's just plain Jack;
At handling things, including girls,
He surely has a knack.

DAVID LANTZ *Science*

Dave is very quiet
In his own original way,
But whether or not it's bashfulness
Is something no one can say.

HARRY MARLOWE *Science*

Now here comes Harry Marlowe,
Our Senator to be,
And whether or not he'll get his wish
We'll wait ten years and see.

RALPH GLASENER *Science*

We tell you this,
So it must be true,
That Glasener's equals
In number are few.

WARREN LOOMIS *Science*

Hi-Y (4).
Warren is a bashful boy,
At least that's how it looks;
Alone they say he has a way
That he doesn't get from books.

DOROTHY LYONS *Commercial*

The world may be gloomy and sad and drear,
And full of tears and sighin's,
But the sunshine always comes back again
With the appearance of Dorothy Lyons.

OZELLA LAUGHBAUM *Commercial*

I've a smile for those who love me,
I've a smile at any rate,
And whatever sky's above me
I've a heart for any fate.

MARTHA KAGEY *Commercial*

Ho! ho! ho! ho! wait and see,
A business woman our Martha will be;
A stenographer who really can spell,
We know she'll do each duty well.

LASKA SHUPP *Language*

Laska only came this year
But my, you'd never know it,
For we all think so much of her
We cannot help but show it.

HELEN MYERS *Commercial*

Glee Club (4), Operetta.

Oh! I'm a maiden passing fair,
Mark well the things I say;
I've bluest eyes and lovely hair
And a most entrancing way.

EARL DAVIS *Science*

Baseball (3) (4), Hi-Y (2) (3) (4).

Earl's attached to the clergy,
How looks may deceive;
He helped choose our pins,
A fine judge we believe.

CLARENCE ECKERT *Science*

A quiet lad is Clarence,
He never makes much noise,
But with the girls he's popular,
Like most all quiet boys.

FLOYD BOOKWALTER *Science*

Glee Club (1).

Floyd will make a go of life
In everything he does,
For he's a willing worker
And a slacker never was.

MARTIN BRICKER *Science*

Football (4), Hi-Y (3) (4), Class Vice President (4).

This here is our Big Boy,
For reasons quite plain;
He may seem to be slow
But he's liked just the same.

BENJAMIN CHASE *Science*

Football Manager (4), Hi-Y (3) (4).

Ben's apt to arrive
In the course of events;
Likes a neighboring village
For the girls it presents.

LUCILLE LOROW *Language*

Oh, here's a hand that's steady,
And here's a heart that's true;
Lucille, we give our friendships
To you, girl, just to you.

MABEL ECKERT *Language*

What is Mabel thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt,
Unwritten history,
Unfathomed mystery,
Whatever it is we can't find out.

ERMA HOUSTON *Language*

Erma's eyes are very brown,
Erma's lips are rosy;
In fact if Erma doesn't frown
She's very like a posy.

EULALIA BOGGS *Language*

Physicists have come and gone,
Physicists of fame,
Our high school has another one,
Eulalia is her name.
And if you've never met her,
Nor to her friendship had a claim
You've missed a part of this world's joys.

MARGARET MILLER *Language*

Margaret is a chatterbox,
So the teachers say,
But such a "rep" don't worry her,
She talks in the same ol' way.

JOHN THOMA — *Science*

A wise old boy is John,
From his locks down to his toes;
And so far as we can tell
He really has no foes.

WARREN RUSK — *Science*

Hi-Y (3) (4), Class Treasurer (3), Operetta.
Our High School has a marble champ,
So far he's won from all in camp;
He's known at Wesleyan as a hot he-vamp,
He shimmies on roofs in the cold and damp.

PAUL GALLAGHER — *Science*

Orchestra (1) (2) (3), Band (1) (2).
A mighty man is Gallagher,
At lessons he works hard,
And for any one who knows him
He makes a dandy pard.

PAUL SCHULTZ — *Science*

Debating (3), Hi-Y (4), Treasurer Athletic Association (4).
Assistant Principal, Mr. Schultz,
Assistant coach now, too;
But of assistance with the girls,
Keep out, he needs not you.

HAROLD WINTERS — *Science*

Mandolin Club (4), Mandolin Quartette (4), Operetta.
The weather it is changeable,
The seasons pass along,
Harold's the only Winters
That you can depend upon.

JANETTE WARING *Language*

Janette, who may seem quiet,
Janette, she may seem shy,
But Janette who has a twinkle, a twinkle in her eye,
And Janette works that twinkle when someone else is nigh.

HELEN SIGLER *Language*

Helen Sigler, some worker she,
Hours of study—three times three;
Some time in a future day
You'll hear of her—mark what we say.

IRENE YOHA *Commercial*

"Confession is good for the soul" they say,
Well, we are glad you know it.
Irene confesses she's a vamp,
But we're sure she doesn't show it.

BEATRICE PERRY *Language-Commercial*

Glee Club (4), Orchestra (4), Pianist (3) (4), Annual Staff, Operetta.
Here's to our musical Bee,
She's as pretty as can be;
We know what she'll be,
For as sure as can be
She'll be Mrs. B.

HELEN RICHARD *Language*

Junior Play, Glee Club (3), Secretary Athletic Association (4), Annual.
There is a girl in our class
And she is wondrous wise,
She always gets her lessons,
No matter what their size,
And when she has her lessons
She's in for any fun;
Oh, 'twould take a year to tell you
Of the things that she has done,

CARL LEWIS — *Commercial*

Although Carl is quiet,
We all firmly believe,
If he starts to do something
Great fame he'll receive.

LYMAN MOORE — *Science*

Lyman used to be
A very backward lad,
But now the girls have made him
The best than can be had.

FLORENCE LOGAN — *Language*

Junior Play.
She came from Pennsylvania,
Her name is Florence Logan;
Having fun with everyone
We found to be her slogan.

CHARLES NAIL — *Language*

Football (3) (4), Basketball (2) (3) (4), Captain (3), Baseball (3) (4), Captain (4). Class President (3), President Athletic Association (4), Hi-Y (2) (3) (4), Treas. (3), Sec'y M Association (3), Annual Staff.

Spike has a head,
As all useful Nails should,
And it's always on top
Where it does the most good.

OWEN FIGHTER — *Commercial*

Hi-Y (4).

Carpentier and Dempsey
Have nothing on us,
We've a Fighter for help
When we get in a fuss.

KATHERINE PALMER *Language*

Glee Club (4), Operetta.

Oh, K-Katie, pretty K-Katie,
You're the only g-girl that I adore,
And when we see you, and when we hear you,
We want to hear and see you more and more.

VERA MCCRORY *Language*

Vera's a model young lady,
She's never was known to be bad;
Always calm and dignified,
Except around a certain lad.

KATHARYN LAIRD *Language*

Assistant Pianist (3), Glee Club (4), Operetta.

Katie always brings out
Sweet tunes from a pianner,
And besides this talent
She has a charming manner.

FRANCES FERNYAK *Science*

Operetta.

Before you appeareth redoubtable Frances,
Her very loquacity doth nearly entrance us;
Our class her presence most surely enhances,
She's not given to flirting nor even coy glances.

DOROTHY HERRING *Commercial*

She handles a typewriter nicely,
She handles her studies as well,
Slow voice; she speaks most precisely,
And she knows more than we ever tell.

ALFRED TAPPAN *Commercial*

He laughed at any Senior
Who fell for a Freshman youth;
Alas, how the mighty have fallen,
He now has a Freshman Ruth.

NELLIE MCLAUGHLIN *Commercial*

A jolly, happy friend is she,
As sweet and pretty as can be,
Dear twenty's glad that it can claim
A place on its record for Nellie's name.

MARGARET GRAHAM *Commercial*

Oh, what a gal is Peggy,
Oh, what a pal is she;
She's pretty and sweet,
'Une charmante'—petite,
A friend of us all is Peggy.

RUTH MOWRY *Commercial*

Don't you think that Ruth looks pleasant?
A sweet girl she is forsooth,
She's training now to teach young minds,
We envy them in truth.

ROGER CONANT *Science*

Roger is a Prophet
From the far east,
He'd heard of our High School,
He's not of the least.

EDWARD GIBSON *Science*

Football (4), Orchestra (1) (2), Annual Staff.

Ed may prefer Freshman,
But even at that,
He's right there in a pinch,
And will always stand pat.

VICTOR LEACH *Science*

Football (3) (4), Basketball (3), Sergeant-at-Arms (3), Hi-Y (2) (3) (4), Annual Staff, Secretary Hi-Y (4).

To get the grinds from witty minds
Is the job that he was picked for.
He's the only one you can't put down
Because his name is Victor.

LOIS DOOLITTLE *Science*

There is a young lady who never
Disappoints us in every endeavor,
Though slow in her speech,
Her mind has such reach
That all that she sayeth is clever.

AUGUSTUS FOX *Science*

Football (3) (4), Baseball (3) (4), Capt. (3), Junior Play, Hi-Y (3) (4), Pres. (4), Vice Pres. Athletic Assn. (4), Hypho Staff, Annual Staff.

Gus has always helped us
In most everything we've done,
And he never once did fail us,
Whether we lost or won.

RICHARD HAUTZENROEDER *Science*

Annual Staff.

Dickie is our speeder.
He never finished last;
Of course his car, not he,
Is the one we meant was fast.

HELEN EDES *Language*

Annual Staff, Junior Play.
This little maiden climbed to fame
Way back in the Junior play,
Folks said she was the finest vamp
They'd seen in many a day.
And tho her role was wicked,
She's really very good,
And all know and love her,
For this vamp is understood.

MABEL HANCOCK *Language*

"A miss is as good as a mile," they say,
This Miss is as good as her smile,
But we'd walk a long mile
For the sake of that smile
That cheers us along on our way.

HELEN HEATH *Language*

Eyes of blue and hair of brown,
Almost the prettiest girl in town;
Witty and happy and full of jokes,
What we're saying of Helen is surely no hoax.

DOROTHY HAVERFIELD *Commercial*

Dorothy or Dot, or whatever it be,
Is good-natured and happy, you surely can see,
Her power to talk is the Wear-Ever brand,
She's the jolliest girl of this whole wide land.

KATHERINE KOLLER *Language*

Junior Play, Annual Staff.
Heres' to the maiden with the dark brown eyes,
She's wonderfully brilliant and clever,
Her stories always take the prize;
"Ten best sellers" is her endeavor.

THELMA BRICKER — *Commercial*

Thelma is a shining light
Among the folks of "Twenty."
In class room she is at her best,
For she has brains a-plenty.

RUTH HELTER — *Language*

Glee Club (4), Operetta.
Ruth, Ruth came up the hill
With a face full of laughter;
Because of that Donley fell flat
And Hursh came tumbling after.

PAUL CRIDER — *Commercial*

Hi-Y (4).
He comes to school quite often
And studies then real well,
But what he will be and what he will do
Is something that is hard to tell.

THELMA STANINGER — *Science*

Thelma is a mighty good sport,
She'd be awful tall if she wasn't so short.

GLADYS CLIFFORD — *Commercial*

With "I'll do my best"
And a lot of zest
Our Gladys faces life;
She'll be a success,
The reason you'll guess,
And never be daunted by strife.

HARLAND KOCHHEISER — *Science*

Hi-Y (3) (4).

In any undertaking
He is absolutely fearless,
As to knowing girls and teachers
We confess that he is peerless.

JOHN COSS — *Science*

Football (3) (4), Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Capt. (4), Baseball (3) (4), Hi-Y (2) (3) (4).

Though to John the term lanky
Is often applied,
His help in athletics
Cannot be denied.

LOUISE BISSMAN — *Language*

Junior Play, Glee Club (4), Operetta.

If you need some help a task to do,
Ask Louise, ask Louise;
If you need a friend that's good and true,
Take Louise, take Louise;
She's the girl with the pep and the worthwhile "rep,"
Our president's choice—if you please.

KENNETH BELL — *Science*

Hi-Y (1).

————K. Bell
————tell
————belle
————fell.

JENNINGS DISHONG — *Science*

Hi-Y (4).

Jennings is a gay young bird,
At least so we've been told;
We might learn more about him
If his secrets he'd unfold.

LEETA CHARLES *Language*

Leeta's neat, and she's petite,
And she's a jolly classmate;
She likes the fads, she likes the lads,
She likes—we daren't state.

PAULINE DARLING *Language*

Would you cast away your care?
Would you fling away despair?
Would you merry, jovial be?
Come along and laugh with me.

MABEL DAY *Language*

Junior Play, Glee Club (4), Operetta.

You can take the blush from the red, red rose,
Or the whiskers out of pussy cat's nose,
Or the pack from your back for the last long mile,
But you can't keep Mabel from wearing her smile.

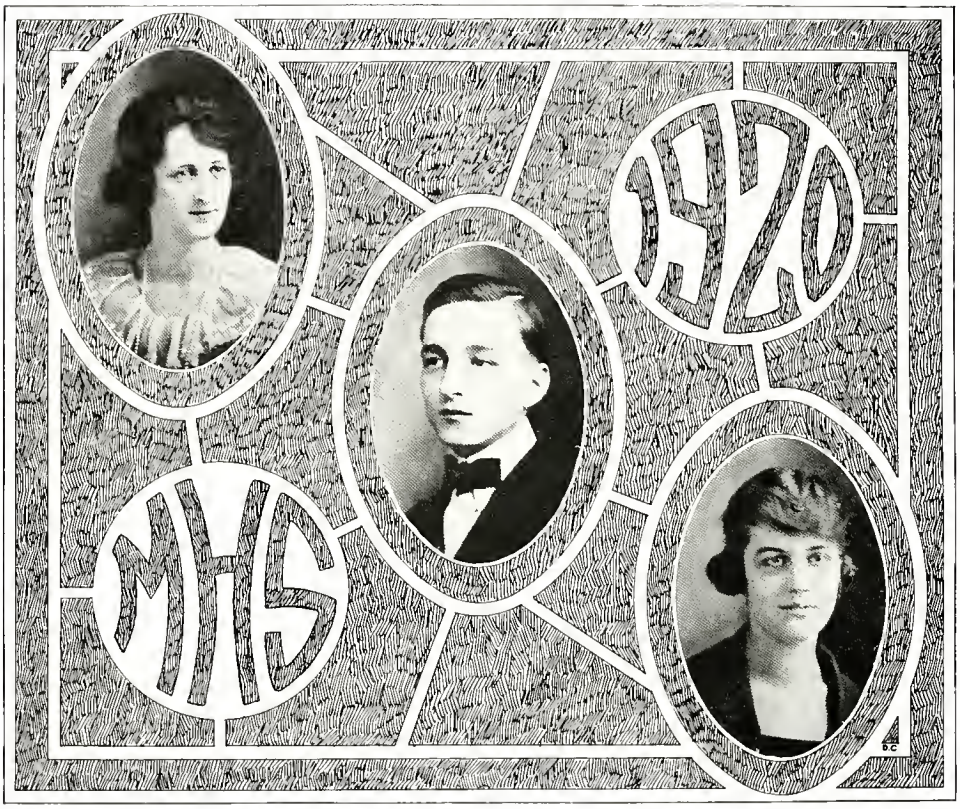
THELMA BALYEAT *Language*

Class Secretary (4).

Thelma she's ist everybody's friend—an'
She is the jolliest girl in all the lan',
An' sweetest smile an' voice an' face,
An' eyes ist like p'serves taste.

BERTHA BRUNK *Language*

Bertha Brunk's not bashful,
Bertha Brunk's not shy,
Bertha Brunk can talk a lot,
But Bertha cannot fly.



MIRIAM MCBRIDE *Commercial*

Miriam's tall and graceful,
She's anything but fat;
She's a jolly comrade,
We all agree to that.

HARRY KARCHER *Science*

Class President (4), Hi-Y (4), Hypho Staff.

All hail! mighty Xerxes,
We all follow your lead,
But of aid writing notes
You have surely no need.

ELEANOR UPSON *Language*

Eleanor's a girl that's orful nice,
And pretty, too, we think;
Some folks may think her heart's of ice,
But——it——isn't.

Senior Class History

High on the scroll containing the name of all the illustrious classes that have passed through these halls of learning, will be written in golden letters—NINETEEN TWENTY—possessing all the verdure befitting this stage of High School life. We entered M. H. S. in September, nineteen hundred sixteen. However, we were "contemptibles" for only a brief period, for after the strangeness and timidity had worn off, it was only a matter of weeks until our upper classmen realized that our class gave promise of being the most versatile, active, and all around class in the whole school.

All year we struggled bravely with our studies, new and different. But even as "Freshies" we could not have "all work and no play," so this year we contributed materially to the success of the famous High School Carnival. "Twenty" entered as heartily into athletics as she did into other activities and by the promising and indeed able material which she furnished, football, basketball and baseball were brought up to their usual high standard. The M. H. S. spirit and valiant defence of her teams, whatever their success, was exhibited in no small degree by the class of Twenty.

Our first year finished, we returned to take up the duties of the second. How we enjoyed "lording" it over the Freshies, secretly sympathizing with them for—we had been there, too. Nor did Twenty fail this year to do her best. The M. H. S. dance, the class magazines, the class parties made the year particularly enjoyable.

In our Junior year we had the honor of originating the first High School paper, the well-known Hyphonerian, which has afforded interest and pleasure for the entire school. Next was the "BIG" event of the year, the Annual Junior-Senior Reception. It was so splendidly planned and conducted that it took rank as one of the best ever given at M. H. S.

Music has played a big role in our school life. For two years the pianists who have faithfully filled the position have been from the class of Twenty. One only need take a casual glance at the personnel of the glee clubs, orchestra, quartet and mandolin club to see that our class has taken an active part during each of the four years.

Now we have reached our goal, we are Seniors. The name of which means so much to us. We have accomplished that for which we have been working. Again this year we entered all branches of student activity with enthusiasm, doing our full share toward fostering the splendid spirit of old M. H. S. Early in the fall our officers and staff were elected, all of whom worked diligently and managed the affairs of the class successfully. In the literary and dramatic societies, as in everything else, the usual interest was taken. It remained also for the class of Twenty to give the first Senior Banquet. This affair spelled Dignity and we completely lived up to the standards for "Seniors." Our President acted as toastmaster and different members spoke on our accomplishments during our High School life. This proved to be one of the most delightful affairs of our Senior year. In addition may be mentioned the Hallow-'een party, various class parties and picnics, all of which show that we have not neglected the social side of High School life.

Soon the History of the Class of Twenty will be completed. The long looked for graduation exercises with the customary functions lie before us, and will be the conclusion of four well spent years in the most important period of our lives. We will take with us a high appreciation of what M. H. S. has meant to us, and a deep feeling and regard for the associations of High School days. If we interpret the future in terms of the past, the History of the Class of Nineteen Twenty will be an inspiration and honor to M. H. S.

RUTH HELTER—'20

Class Prophecy

With a little sigh of contentment I settled myself in my comfortable Pullman section prepared to enjoy the remainder of my trip to New York. The trip from the west had been tiresome and I was delighted to have the last lap of my journey along the Hudson river.

Close at my side lay a Sunday copy of the New York Times. Picking up the picture section I was attracted by the heading on the first page: "Views from Greenwich Village." Greenwich Village, New York's Bohemia. What interest had always centered about it in my childish imagination. I had even planned to live there, write poetry and bob my hair. Wild dreams. But now for the pictures. "The Mad Hatter Tea Room," I read below the picture of an odd looking room. "Louise Bissman, the proprietress, has made this the popular haunt for Harry Karcher, the scenario writer, Martha Wooden, the most radical of radicals, and Charles Nail, the rising young poet whose verse libre poems have astonished New York Society." I was stunned. What next? In an upper corner was the picture of an Oriental dancer and beneath it said, "Betty Parsons, better known as Parsonova, has made the village famous with her weird dancing." Heavens above, my old friend Betsy.

I turned the page. This was the athletic section. "Girls' National Basketball team comes through season undefeated. Marvel Strang, the coach, has drilled a famous team. Blanche Davis and Miriam McBride are the strong forwards and Dorothy Haverfield is one of the peppy little guards. Helen Benson is the center." These were all members of my old graduating class. What talent sometimes lies hidden in the most reserved people. "Ethel Longsdorf, Ladies' Golf Champion, defeats Susie Heston." Yes, that was Ethel in a characteristic pose. More famous "20" ites.

What a class that was. How we did upset things every now and then. Would I ever meet them all again? I—My musings were interupted by the porter, "Scuse me, madam, dis here gentleman has dis othah section." I glanced up.

"Ed Dann of all folks."

"Katie! What are you doing here?"

"Oh," I laughed, "I'm headed for New York for a bit of vacation and incidentally to have my picture taken. Beastly bore. And you?"

"I'm running down to see Coss, my campaign manager, for a little while. This business of running for governor is exciting, to say the least."

"Well, I'd surely cast my vote for you, Ed. New York politics are causing some commotion, aren't they?"

"Yes. When Mabel Day decided to beat Owen Fighter for mayor she started things going. Fighter and Gaylord Herring have had things their way for some time. Herring is mighty slick. But Mabel has Margaret Tryon making strong speeches for her. Her weak point lies in the rumor that she will make Lloyd Brown, chief of police. Just like a woman, can't keep sentiment out of politics."

"Speaking of sentiment, there is quite a bit in evidence in that newly married couple ahead of us."

Ed turned to look, then, to my surprise, laughed. "Why, Katie, that's Lyman Moore and his wife, Vera McCrory." We both congratulated them and then returned to our conversation.

"Gus Fox," I remarked, "will have plenty of trouble settling that matter about

the murder of the missionary, Harry Marlowe, in Japan, won't he, when he is inaugurated?"

"Yes, indeed, and Senator Porch will keep congress keyed up over the matter Have you read the memoirs written by Marlowe's wife? She was Lois Doolittle. By the way, are you staying at the new Hotel Pennsylvania? They have a fine chef there, our old friend Virgil Kirtpatrick."

Just then a man came through the car shouting, "Pop corn, chewing gum, candy, pop, magazines." As he passed Ed said to me, "Remember him? That's Paul Schultz."

"Never!"

"Yes. He led a wild life and finally was reduced to this. It's a shame, too, for one so brilliant. His wife just divorced him."

"Speaking of so many old friends reminds me that I just received a letter from Marian Burns. She is a globe trotter for fair and is now collecting scarabs in Egypt. Daisy Wescott is her secretary. Marian is free and happy and said she just met Kathryn Willis, who is buying Turkish rugs for a Cleveland concern. How our class has scattered!"

"I stole a few days off the other week and slipped up to Yale for a class reunion. I found Watts coaching the Elis."

"Mentioning athletics, makes me think of Elverda Bushnell. I noticed that her dogs carried off several prizes at the Madison Square Garden. She always was fond of animals."

"One thing leads to another. Pauline Darling is an animal tamer."

"Oh, Ed! I don't believe it."

"Yes, truly. I saw it in one of the Chicago papers a short time ago. That's one thing I'd never do, but women surprise us."

"I guess we do once in a while. Tell me, are you now converted to women's suffrage?"

"Sh, sh—Don't ever let it creep out that I opposed it or my chances with the women's vote will be poor. To change the subject, are you going to the Teachers' National Assembly in New York?"

"No. I'm not a teacher. But a number of my old friends will be there. I see Margaret Wheeler is chairman of the assembly and Mary Wolford is on the program. Louise Tower will probably be there. Ruth Mowry is teaching out west, I heard She will scarcely be able to come. And, that reminds me, Lucille Lorow is professor of economics at Vassar. Isn't that fine?"

"Great! Women are going into every sphere. My wife was hunting a dentist the other day when she was back home, in Mansfield, and she found Marguerite Beck has a fine practice. Mary Calhoun was in her office as an assistant."

"And men are coming into a sphere that was once held only by women. Gaylord Bahl is designing costumes that are wonderful. Leeta Charles is one of his models."

"I suppose," Ed smiled, "you will find time to buy a number of those 'wonderful' gowns?"

"I wouldn't be a woman if I didn't. Doris Thorne has made a great success along that line. Maison Thorne is famous. I shall buy some clothes, of course, there. Really that's part of New York."

"What is Hilda Henry doing? She was a good friend of Doris', wasn't she?"

"I was thinking of Hilda, too, just now. She is a settlement worker at the Hull House in Chicago. From what I heard she is rapt up in her work. Laska Shupp is working there, also."

We sat silent for a while thinking over the days past when we rubbed elbows in the old High School with so many of these people. Ed was the first to break the silence. "You must hear Rev. Lantz preach in Trinity Church next Sunday, Rev. David Lantz, D. D. Paul Gallager is leader of old Trinity choir."

"Wonders will never cease. I'll be sure to go."

"Don't miss it. I always go when I'm in the city. Do you know it was just luck that I should meet you today. I'd planned to drive down, but the machine is in for repairs since my last long trip. I drove from Mansfield to Albany."

"Oh, did you make that trip?"

"Yes, a great time. Good roads after I left Buffalo. Whom do you think I saw? Carl Lewis! I stopped at a farm house for water. Nice place, barns and everything, and who should come out but Lewis. He is making his farm pay, to judge from what he said. I saw some one else while in Buffalo. You'd never imagine. Harland Kochheiser, leader of Kochheiser's Minstrel Show. He has the finest bunch of jazzers I ever heard. John Thoma and Leslie Staiger are his end men and they are fine. Good jokes, funny songs. I was delighted. Oh, I almost forgot Frappe Underwood was in it, too."

"This is slightly off the subject, but I noticed that Eulaila Boggs, rather Mrs. Winters, and Harold started on their wedding trip yesterday. Eulaila must have been a pretty bride. Harold is lucky."

"Did you see it in the Times? There was an account there, also, about Lillian Conley, who is in the aerial mail service. Her plane was wrecked, but she wasn't seriously injured. Some daring people in this world. Floyd Bookwalter invented her plane. I had a letter from Ed Gibson the other week, before he set sail. Ed is a northern explorer. He hated to leave this time. There's a girl in the Midnight Frolic that interests him, he said."

The trip down the river had been very short to me, so interested was I in hearing about old classmates. Before we realized it we were pulling into New York. There was the usual bustle to collect our grips, tip the smiling porter, who called Ed 'Gov'nah' with a flattering smile. There was time for a brief hand-shake and good-bye to Ed, and then I found myself hurrying after a porter who was carrying my grips to a taxi.

The trim taxi driver, as she opened the door, looked so chic that I had to smile at her. With her answering smile I recognized her, Margaret Miller. I was delighted to see her and she told me she was running one of her taxis to fill a recent vacancy. Erma Houston is the head of a bus line on Fifth Avenue and as we sailed along Margaret informed me that the traffic cop we just passed was none other than Fern Beam.

Arriving at the Martinique, I went to the desk to ask for my reservation and any mail. Imagine my surprise to find Glenn Copeland the clerk. As I was talking to him some one stepped up to me, "I beg your pardon. I don't suppose you remember me, but I am Russell Erdenberger, the house detective." I laughed as I extended my hand, "Do I look like a suspicious character?"

We talked for quite some time and then I went to my rooms. There were a number of things to be accomplished before noon. Wearied and travel-stained, I made my way to the hotel Beauty Shop. Two adorably red-haired girls in black uniforms took care of me, Katherine Pollock and Gladys Stewart. Under the hands of a masseur I relaxed. Through half-closed eyes I saw Helen Myers pass by, looking lovely as usual. A beauty shop is an excellent place to hear gossip and I listened to the girls talking.

"Yeah, that's her—comes here every week."

"I seen her in 'Naughy Naughty.' Bernice Dickson, she's swell."

After lunch I decided to gratify an old ambition and visit Wanamaker's. When I entered the immense store I was somewhat at loss as where to go and a suave voice at my side said, "Can I help, madame?" Looking up six feet of black trouser leg and white shirt front I recognized Ben Chase, a floor walker. His composure was a trifle jarred when he knew me.

"Katie! Well, what can I do for you? Anything?"

"Yes, Ben Chase, you can," and I rapidly told him what I wanted. He conducted me there in a manner fit for a queen. As we passed down the aisle he said, "See that man, there. He's a '20 man. Raymond Wolfe, selling ladies' hose. That's Hazel Brightbill he's talking to. Can't I take you through the store?" he added.

"No, I have an appointment at four," I said, glancing at my watch, "so that leaves but half an hour for my shopping. I'll come back some time. So glad to have met you again, Ben. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Dashing for a taxi, I made my appointment at the photographer's. Ozella Laughbaum was the elevator girl, in the most dashing uniform, that took me and Roger Harris, who said he had some plumbing to do, to the top floor. I was ushered into a long room, beautifully decorated, fine paintings on the wall, a perfect copy of Italian Renaissance period. Thelma Staninger was the adorable maid that took my coat and hat. As I stood there admiring two beautiful portraits, the artist-photographer came in. It was Paul Randall.

"Paul!" I exclaimed, "I had no idea that you were the famous Randall."

"I doubt the famous part," he smiled, "but my stenographer, Dorothy Herring, says I'm busy enough. I noticed you were admiring these portraits. My wife, Mabel Hancock, painted them."

"Your wife!"

"My wife." His was the proud smile of a newly-married man.

"Congratulations! I hope to see Mabel."

"She will be here presently, I believe."

"But to come back to the picture. That is Eleanor Upson, I know."

"Eleanor Rusk and Warren you should say. They were married about a year ago. She hopes to reform him, but Warren is a gay dog, very gay. Here are some photographs that might interest you. This," as he picked up one, "is David Cummins. Do you know he is the unknown author of those awful mystery tales, 'A Cry at Midnight' and so on?" And taking up another, "Here is our famous journalist, Helen Richards. She had this taken just since she announced her engagement to Hale Sturges, the publisher.

"Who are those dancers?" I queried, as I looked at a picture of a girl lightly posed in the arms of a man, "I think I should know them."

"Of course you should. That's Helen Bishop and Earl Davis. If you're interested in stage folk, why here's Peg Graham's picture, the Queen of the Follies; here's Warren Loomis, the best comedian on the stage. You might know some of these in Mitchells' Beauty Chorus, Naomi Terman is the lead."

I saw Phil's face in the center of a bevy of pretty girls. Dorothy Lyons, Gertrude Sonners, Martha Kagey, Irene Yoha, Helen Heath. "This is a face I know," I said, "Nellie McLaughlin, she is the model for Hemo Cold Cream advertisements."

"You know this, The Girl with the Violet Eyes, don't you?"

"Of course, that's Janette Waring. I heard that H. Karcher wrote her scenarios. But who is this?" I was holding the picture of a man posed in the manner of a matinee idol.

"Jennings Dishong. He is the worst flirt on the board walk at Atlantic City. Speaking of Atlantic City, here is the picture of Bertha Brunk." I beheld a dashing creature in a picture hat, her title might well be the "Merry Widow of the Board Walk."

"Paul, you have pictures of so many famous folk and so many '20 people. I never imagined our class would have such a large per cent of wonders. But a 'prophet is not without honor save in his own country.'"

"Strange, isn't it? And some little things that happened back in High School

days have influenced a whole career. For instance, I have a picture here of Jimmie Crum, a naval officer. Got the idea of joining the navy from the operetta, The Maid and the Middie."

"By the way, what has become of Martin Bricker?"

"Oh, Martin is a famous surgeon. I guess some girl told him he was such a cut-up, and that started him on his career. Margaret Ackerman and Lydia Aughey are his assistant nurses. Mabel said the other day that these two were a trifle jealous over which one might become Mrs. Bricker. Trust a woman to mix up business and sentiment."

"That's the second time I've heard that today. You men must have the same opinion." I was toying with a picture as I spoke. "Who is this? Oh, it's Ambassador to Turkey, Vic Leach. I hardly know him with that VanDyke beard. Tell me what building is that across the avenue," I added, as I walked to the window.

"That's the Myers building. Ellis Myers built it, but it is a business college. Gladys Clifford, Mildred Shively and Helen Sigler own it. Gladys and Mildred are the silent partners."

"So that's where Beatrice Walker teaches. She was in one of my classes. Frances Fernyak teaches there, too, I believe. They are having the building painted, aren't they?" I remarked idly.

"I'll wager I know that painter. Yes," Paul said as he looked closer, "that's Richard Hautzenroeder. Now what do you think of that?"

As I was contemplating how had the mighty fallen, a cry of the newsboys came through the window, "Murder! Extra! Extra! Murder of two millionaires, George Daum and Lester Knapp, the Laundry King. Extra! Extra! All about the big murder!"

"Katie!" said Paul, "this is terrible. Two '20 men. Awful."

"Yes," I interrupted in a horrified tone, "and the newspapers always tear away all the secrecy of a person's grief."

"That's their work and they do it too perfectly. But that picture over there," and he pointed to a large oil painting of a man seated by a table, "that picture reminds me of one story the best reporters in town, Thelma Bricker and Ford Siedel, failed to get."

"Tell me. I recognize the portrait. It's Paul Hursh."

"Well, to be brief, Paul was a successful man of Hursh and Sturges, publishers. He bought a lovely home on Riverside, and was fitting it out beautifully. Kathryn Palmer, the decorator, was doing it. Mabel was ordered to paint that picture for above his fireplace. Then all of a sudden Paul cancelled the order, sold his house and entered a monastary. No one could ever learn any more. But I presume it was because some one broke his heart."

"How tragic and not a bit like Paul. Perhaps Helen Bein could have helped him. She is editor of the "Advice to the Love Lorn" column in the Chicago Tribune."

"This pretty debutante might also have helped," remarked Paul. "Ruth is down at Palm Beach this season and is killing her tens of thousands." He handed me a splendid picture of Ruth Helter.

"Who is this?" I picked up a picture of a dark-eyed lady draped in white.

"Don't you know—I'm surprised. That's Miriam Campbell-Glasener. She just obtained a divorce. If Dame Rumor is to be believed she will soon marry Roger Conant."

"Oh, here are a number of people I know." I was looking through a group of photographs.

"Those are nearly all Chautauqua entertainers. There's Clarence and Mabel Eckert, who lecture on 'Physics in Every-day Life.' Kathryn Laird is a popular player. I sure enjoyed hearing her last month. These are not on the Chautauqua,

Bee Perry and the Metropolitan Quartet. Bee was a Red Cross nurse and I heard her give her experiences in Armenia just yesterday. Herbert Blose, Jack Berger, Paul Crider and Kenneth Bell are in the quartet. Musical talent developes sometimes where we never dreamed of finding it."

"This is Ruth Bell in her Y. M. C. A. uniform, isn't it?" The picture I held up showed a pretty girl with the regular "Y" smile.

"I thought you'd know her. But you'd never recognize this." The picture he showed me was of an immense man weighing about four hundred pounds. "It's Alfred Tappan."

"Oh, no, no, no!" I laughed. "Surely it can't be. He was the thinnest mortal I ever saw."

"It's true. This I consider one of my best works."

As I took the lovely picture of a young woman whom I know well, he added, "That is Thelma Balyeat. She is married now. She is one of the most charming of New York society women, and how the sub debs like her for a chaperon."

While we were speaking of Thelma, a familiar person came into the room smiling in her old way. "Mabel! As I live," I cried and ran up to meet her.

"Katie, you dear. I din't know you were here. How long will you be in the city? If I had known you were here I would have had you come with me. I went to the matinee and then we stopped at the 'Yellow Moon' for tea and to see Helen Edes dance. She is delightful, Paul; you must see her. But," and she turned to me "you'll dine with us tonight? Thelma and her husband are coming. Please."

As for me I couldn't refuse her invitation, especially when she laughingly added, "That's a dear. We'll have a lovely time talking of our illustrious class of '20 and the days of 'auld lang syne.'"

KATHERINE KOLLER—'20

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of "Twenty"

We, the class of Twenty, of the Mansfield High School, of the city of Mansfield, of the State of Ohio, on this fourth day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty, being of reasonably sound mind and age, and feeling that we are about to leave this Hall of Fame and Knowledge for the ethereal realms beyond, hereby do devise and bequeath all our property, both real and personal, as hereinafter stated, repudiating all former wills and testaments:

Item I—We bequeath our magical power of initiative and marvelous pep upon the lower classmen whom we, deep in our secret heart of hearts, feel are pitifully pining away for lack of that combustible power.

Item II—Our money, of the class treasury, after the presiding officers have, to their complete satisfaction, succumbed to the soothing influences of indulging their desires, we leave to be regarded as a fund for all worthy causes, such as salaries, wedding presents, school papers and all those that may at any time be in need.

Item III—Our tendency to excel in Athletics, Music, Class Spirit, 'n everything we feel unable to leave behind and yet we hope that all may profit by our splendid examples.

Item IV—Paul Watts' curls we bequeath to Frank Schreidt in hope that they may prove useful in his future career.

Item V—We bequeath Martin Bricker's immense understanding (size 11) to Carl Imhoff.

Item VI—We bequeath Ralph Glasener's undying devotion to Miriam Campbell upon whosoever feels equal to the task of "carrying on."

Item VII—We wish to bequeath Ben Chase's charming personality, to be embalmed and preserved in the Trophy Case as a guiding star to reluctant feet wending their way to the office in search of green slips.

Item VIII—We leave the data compiled from arguments by Marian Burns and Hale Sturges to Bob Harbeson.

Item IX—Feeling that Ed Dann's value is three-fold, we bequeath his unutterable vocabulary to Paul; his art for calling forth enthusiasm from M. H. S. to Bus Gibson; and on moon-light nights we bestow him upon Marion Bradford.

Item X—We leave all Chemistry, Physics, etc., note-books to be bound in volumes of "twenty," as a valuable edition to the library of M. H. S.

Item XI—We bequeath all stray hair-pins, powder-puffs, mirrors and vanity bags, to be used in the dressing room of the new High School, hoping they may accomplish as much in hiding unwanted freckles as they did for us.

Item XII—We bequeath the ability of the Twittering Trio, Helen Bein, Margaret Ackerman and Bernice Dickson, to cause commotion in room 14, upon Mary Lee, Christine Engwiler and Mabel Emery.

Item XIII—We wish to bequeath in general our decorus, dignified tread, our elusive dimples and our sunny smiles upon the under classmen, whom we feel will profit by them.

Item XIV—Our venerable president, The Old Harry, desires to entrust his moustache to Mr. Foster, if it be not too great a burden.

Item XV—Some of our members, going to a place where only white robes are worn, wish to bequeath the following articles of wearing apparel, which will then be unnecessary to them:

1. John Coss, his wonderful array of sweaters upon Bob Padgett, to be worn until he goes to a warmer climate.
2. Gaylord Bahl, hating to part with them, but feeling an impulse of generosity upon going to a better world, bestows his spats upon Herman Balyeat.
3. The Senior Girls who possess the "lucky charms" which have proved to be faithless to their trusts, to the wiles of the suction sweeper.

Item XVI—We bequeath the snap in Lydia Aughey's eyes to the National Biscuit Company, to be used in their famous ginger snaps.

Item VII—We bestow Katherine Laird's dainty steps upon Ileta Wert, that they may grace the halls next year.

Item XVIII—We bequeath the modesty of Charles Nail upon the hall clock that it may hide its face with its hands when it sees the case between the trophies and the water fountain.

Item XIX—We leave our class specialties as follows:

To Barnum and Bailey Circus, we bequeath our Fox, our Leach, our Herring, our Camel (Campbell), and our Lion (Lyon), to their menagerie.

Our Parson, Miller, Fighter, Dog-chaser, Brick-layer to improve the condition of Mansfield.

Our titled nobility, the Earl, we cannot leave to the careless hands of the lower classmen, so we shall take him with us.

Item XX—We bequeath our respect for the Faculty, and our sincere appreciation for their kindly endeavor in our behalf, upon our fellow students, hoping they will profit by our example.

Lastly, We hereby do appoint, make and constitute Mrs. Wagner sole executrix of this, our last will and testament, revoking all former wills and testaments.

(Signed) CLASS OF '20

Witnesses:

HELEN BISHOP,
THELMA BALYEAT,
LOUISE BISSMAN,
MABEL HANCOCK.

Clouds

The day was dark and vast black clouds were speedily drifting into storm formation.

Captain Martin Feradon's dingy little tug had just put off from the Fishhead wharf, out upon which there now came running an awkward youth wildly swinging his arms and yelling between breaths to "Cap'n Mart" to wait for him.

"Just a minute, Sandy," called back the captain, and he started the tug in a circle back to the dock.

Beside the captain in the little wheelhouse stood a pleasant-faced, bristly-haired lad, grinning thru shell-rimmed spectacles at the figure of Sandy.

It was to him the captain explained: "Sandy, there, lives up near us. He's a friend of mine. If his head isn't normal—he can't figure nor remember well—why his heart is in the right place; that counts." Meanwhile the tug neared the waiting Sandy.

The boy beside the captain belonged to a fishing party of four; himself, his uncle and two men, friends of the latter, who had welcomed the opportunity to go home with the captain instead of by rail, which is no way for fishermen to travel. They were now about to go on, two or three hours sailing up the coast to Cygnette, the home town of the captain, and of all the other passengers excepting the boy's uncle.

The latter was a Californian, George Pontson by name, owner of several steamship lines, who had come east on a business trip. He was good-hearted, energetic, egotistical without knowing it, and a successful business man. Pontson's two friends were Nardike and Felix Brooking a well-known criminal lawyer, both fishing enthusiasts.

The tug swung in near the dock, Sandy jumped aboard, and it continued on its way as before. He spoke to the captain almost as any friend might have done, but rather shyly returned the greetings of the strangers.

He climbed onto the cabin roof between the two life boats, and confusedly frowning, stared into the storm clouds. He knew that he had been given a message for the captain about his daughter, Molly, who suffered from lung trouble.

The captain had been away from home a week and would be anxious to hear it. Was it that she was better, with great hopes of improvement, or worse, with little chance of recovery. These two thoughts occurred to him, not in these words, of course, but in the misty wordless form thoughts often take, especially in such a brain as his.

He greatly wished the first had been the true message, for in his simple way he loved the friendly captain and his kind, sunny daughter as superior beings who had stooped to treat him as an equal. For he dimly realized that he was in some way inferior to others, and was usually treated as such.

But the happier message seemed untrue, even absurd to him, for in his unstable mind was reflected the gloom of the great black storm clouds at which he gazed. The more he considered the more firmly the bad news became fixed in his mind, for it was in accord with the heavy atmosphere, the darkness and the uneasy stirring of the dark water.

Sadly he delivered the unpleasant message to the captain, that his daughter's condition was much worse and that she was scarcely expected to recover.

Old Martin's shoulders slumped a little and his lank form seemed to lose some of its height, but his face gave no sign. His hard years of sea life had taught him calmness. He smiled at Sandy and said they would be home mighty soon now, but Sandy could not keep back a few tears, for by instinct he sensed the shock the captain had received and in the nature of things this present grief of the captain affected him more than had its more remote cause.

Not one doubt as to the truth of his message entered his mind. The winds were rising swiftly, with scattered drops of rain roughening the waves. The boy of the fishing party, Howard Pontson by name, more often called Owy, a baby name, which had clung to him. Again he came to old Martin's side smiling, "You're not going to go back to Fishhead on account of the weather are you, Captain." He was eagerly anticipating the excitement of a storm. He had already noticed that the captain had to hold the wheel firmly and exert quite a little strength to control it. The captain evidently regarded the storm as a serious matter, but he said quickly, "No, Owy, we're going straight through for home regardless of the weather." Sandy's message had decided him on that point.

Soon the storm's whole fury struck them. The rain came driving down in torrents. The little tug pitched and dived and rolled. But the captain, peering out through the rain-spattered glass, his feet wide apart and his whole frame giving without yielding to the straining of the rudder and the tossing of the boat, kept steadily on the homeward course.

His task needed all his thoughts, but he found time occasionally to think of his daughter at home anxiously awaiting him. He dared not think of her dangerously ill or in pain, but always in a chair by her favorite window with its row of potted plants overlooking the rocky, sunlit shore. He liked best to think of her thus, reading the grand old poetry of the Psalms of David, which they both loved.

Down in the cramped interior, the passengers were making an attempt to be cheerful. Sandy shoveled coal and wielded an oil can, doing whatever he could to help get the best work out of the engines.

The boat's crew, if it could be called that, consisted of two men, one of them the engineer, beside the captain, who was the owner.

Some time after the storm struck them the rocking of the boat suddenly lessened, tho it was still very unpleasant. According to Mike, the engineer, they had run in behind a sheltering island. He thought they would stay there until the storm was over, but the captain kept straight on and sent down no order to reduce the speed.

Owy had found that being thumped against walls and stairways in a storm was anything but the fun he had expected. Having had all the rough water he wanted, tho he wouldn't have admitted it even to himself, he suggested to his uncle that he ask the captain thru the speaking tube whether he would stop.

The storm was a very dangerous one and even Mr. Pontson, enthusiastic boatman that he was, would have been glad to be on dry land. When he tried to talk to the captain he could get no response. But the constant beating of the rain and the heavy splashing of long rollers crossing this partly protected stretch of water sounded strangely distinct and he could distinguish the roar of the surf and the howling of the wind in the trees of the nearby land.

Fearing they knew not what, for the captain, Owy and Pontson, equipped with lanterns, made their way up to the tilting deck. The rain continued and it was quite dark, for the clouds had not lightened and it was near nightfall.

When they worked their way around to the wheel the reason they had not been able to speak to the captain was evident. He was there at his post apparently unharmed, but the waves or floating objects thrown by them had broken the glass around him so he could not hear Pontson's voice in the speaking tube above the rain and wind. Of course he was wet to the skin and lonely and glad to see them.

"Will you cruise around in this quieter place until the storm is over?" shouted Pontson.

"No," the captain's answer was plainly final. "Just a minute and we'll be in the teeth of the storm again. You two had better get below now." He was determined to reach his daughter quickly at any cost.

Owy started to protest, but Pontson's experience with men told him it was useless. He went back and took the boy with him. But, "It's a crime the way he's taking a chance on our lives," he growled.

They quickly got beyond the shelter of the island and into the full blast of the wind. It was a nightmare of water and motion before but they could see that its violence was lessening slowly. They believed that possibly the worst was over, that the captain, having brought them thus far, would bring them all the way safely.

But they began to think of the risk the captain had taken in running straight thru the storm. Pure unreasoning foolhardiness it seemed to them, for they knew nothing of the captain's reason for wanting to get home as quickly as possible. The captain himself had told no one and it is doubtful if it occurred to Sandy that his words had caused this wild run.

Nardike and Brooking agreed with Pontson that such criminal recklessness should not be overlooked.

Less than five minutes after they had left the island they felt a great shock. The bow was lifted up, then slid down to one side with a snapping and grinding of timbers. Those inside scrambled onto the deck, in spite of rain and waves, to see what was the trouble. It was soon found out.

The captain, driven out of his course, had struck a rock. The forward end of the tug had first been shoved up onto the rock, then slid down from it. Some one sent Sandy down to see if the water was coming in, but they did not wait for his answer. Plainly the tug was sinking fast.

Sandy tripped and fell at the bottom of the ladder. His head struck the floor face downward. Right under his eyes lay a scrap of paper, newspaper it was, but it started a train of recollections in his mind. He was not hurt. He quickly got to his feet and thrust his hands into his pockets one after another. He soon produced a folded note. It was his message for the captain in writing.

His father had given it to him when he left for Fishhead the night before and told him the contents lest he should lose it. He had forgotten it and had given it verbally to the captain, its exact opposite. It was merely an affectionate note from his daughter saying she was much better and confident of great improvement in the future.

He ran up as they were struggling to get the two little life boats into the water and gave the paper to the captain, with a hurried explanation of what it was. The captain read it quickly, joyfully, by the light of his lantern. Suddenly it came to Sandy that his mistake had caused his friend great suffering.

"O, Captain Mart," he sobbed, "I'd given anything at all not to have done that!"

"Don't you worry 'bout that, boy," whispered the captain kindly in his ear, "I'll never tell any one."

The four fishermen, Owy, Pontson, Nardike and Brooking, took the first boat, but the tug went down before any one had entered the second. The captain and his two men were picked up by the first boat and put into the other. Nothing was seen of Sandy. The little boats held just four persons each, so there was a place for him in the captain's boat.

While the rain still kept up the wind had been going down and they were able to circle around, the captain's boat in the lead looking for Sandy. Each boat had a

lantern to show its location to the other and to Sandy if he should be able to see it.

But with the total darkness—the sun had now set—and the rain, together with the roughness of the water, there was little chance of finding him once he got a little away from the boats.

Sadly the captain turned his boat homeward after an hour and more of cold, wet and fruitless circling around the scene of the sinking, and the other boat followed.

The wind was slowly going down and the sinking had happened near enough to their destination that there was little doubt that they could reach there safely.

Brooking, the lawyer, rested on his oar, shook the rain out of his eyes and fumbled for his watch, but it had stopped. "Well," he asked wearily, "Is it agreed that we should have Feradon arrested at once, his recklessness having caused one death, not to mention the fact that he very nearly drowned himself and all the rest of us?" The other men grimly nodded assent.

"Nardike," said George Pontson, "will you go and hunt a policeman when we land and bring him to us? We'll keep the captain with us until you come. He may want to get away and be hard to manage." He was thinking of old Martin's willfulness when he had asked him to wait in the shelter of the island. But none of them were really acquainted with the captain or knew of his daughter.

Next they noticed that the boat ahead had stopped beside a low, dilapidated dock. They soon came up to it, tied their boat beside the other and followed the captain landward over the slippery planking.

The rain continued drearily. Opposite the head of the dock they came upon the front of a house. The captain opened a door and they filed in after him, all excepting Nardike, who, with a word to the others, slipped away on his errand.

The room was small, but a coal stove in the center gave heat most welcome to the dripping crowd of downhearted men. "This here's the cap'n's house," muttered the engineer to Brooking, whom he was helping to struggle out of a wet coat.

Brooking decided to tell Martin what they were about to do.

"Captain Feradon," he began, "you must know that you, as the one responsible for what happened today, must be arrested in order that the thing may be settled in a regular manner. "We have," he paused. It was hard to talk to this kindly old man this way, but he decided to go thru with it. "We have sent for an officer!"

"Daddy, oh, daddy, are you there?" It came from the next room; a timid, pleasant, feminine voice, apparently youthful with a note of anxiety in it.

The captain opened the door between the rooms. There, beside a table with a lamp on it, sat his daughter tucked into a chair with quilts and pillows. Her dark brown hair and eyes contrasted with her pale face, but she had her father's simple friendliness and a bright air of neatness and perfect command of self which banished the unpleasantness which pertains to a sick room. The captain presented the three passengers.

"What's happened, Daddy? Why are all these people here?" she asked eagerly, anxiously, for she had heard the storm.

The worried captain did not know how to tell the day's tragedy.

"Sandy," he began, speaking the name with difficulty. "Sandy brought me your message. It said you were better. I was glad," he finished helplessly.

The outer door creaked. The captain, Owy, Pontson, Nardike and Brooking looked around at it nervously. Was it the police officer? What an end to such a scene as this. How would the girl take it? They pitied her. The girl felt their uneasiness and it frightened her a little. A tense silence fell upon them.

The door creaked again. The latch lifted and it opened. In stepped Sandy. The men stared as at a ghost, but he was real for he was drenched and shivering and he spoke:

"O, Miss Molly, I'm sorry," he began. "I told the captain at Fishhead that you were awful sick. I hurt him. He tried so hard to get home. I—." His head dropped on his breast. He turned suddenly and was gone thru the open door.

Every one was struck with amazement. "Whew," Brooking drew in his breath. Then he whispered to the two, Owy and Pontson, who stood in front of him. "Now you go head off Nardike and his policeman. Pontson, the man is a wonderful sailor or we wouldn't be alive now. He has lost his boat. Give him a good position on one of your Pacific steamers. The California climate will cure the girl. Take her and her father west with you and let your good wife take care of the girl at your home."

Pontson fell in with the idea before it was completely uttered. "Why didn't I think of that?" He made the offer of a position which the captain accepted gladly. Nothing could have pleased him more for he had wanted to take his daughter west. "But," said the ever-honest captain, "I've never been on the Pacific. I'll lack experience."

Pontson smiled genially and held out his hand, "I'm more than glad to employ any man who can handle a boat as you handled yours today!"

DAVID CUMMINS—'20

JUNIORS
D.D.
'21.

Junior Officers

HERMAN BALYEAT ..... *President*
ROBERT ACKERMAN ..... *Vice President*
CHRISTINE ENGWILER ..... *Secretary*
VAUGHN HENRY ..... *Treasurer*
HUGH MORRISON ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Juniors

Boys		Girls
Robert Ackerman	Robert Padgett	LaRue Aughey
Herman Balyeat	Edwin Palm	Grace Babcock
Charles Beard	Richard Parsons	Elizabeth Barrett
Eugene Boling	Walter Pierce	Florence Beal
Donald Borchard	Ray Poth	Alfaretta Bell
Arden Branson	Richard Reinhart	Gertrude Bell
Charles Crouch	Robert Richardson	Viola Berry
Dale Ditwiler	Paul Ritchie	Thelma Bogan
Philip Elliott	Alfred Robinson	Ruth Bonham
Edwin Fensch	Lawrence Robinson	Lucille Booze
Curtis Ford	Herbert Rusk	Miriam Bristor
Foster Funston	Paul Sarbry	Dollie Browneller
Joe Goetz	Herbert Schettler	Katherine Cairns
Robert Harbeson	Frank Schreidt	Mary Cairns
Roger Harris	Murray Shaffer	Dorothy Carroll
Charles Hayes	Harry Sowash	Dorothy Charles
Vaughn Henry	Lelyn Spicer	Elvina Constance
Gaylord Herring	Fritz Stahlheber	Olive Cope
Henry Huston	Clyde Stone	Thelma Crawford
Eflo Johnson	George Taylor	Eleanor Crouch
Kenneth Kemble	Walter Teeter	Lucile Day
Jake Konito	Samuel Theaker	Ellen Dice
Bosworth Lape	Rufus Tracy	Edith Doolittle
Jay Long	Jacob Wagenhals	Olive Dow
Kenneth Long	Barton Warner	Mabel Emery
Russell May	Herman Wolf	Elizabeth Eichelberger
Hugh Morrison	Clarence Wolfarth	Christine Engwiler
Frank Mumert	Joe Workman	Dorothy Evans
Harrison McCrory		Josephine Fernyak
Carl Neer		Mary Flowers
Herbert Nye		Beatrice Fraley

Juniors (*Concludea*)

Louise Garber
Margaret Gresmer
Alice Grogg
Isabelle Hagelbarger
Martha Hale
Mary Harbaugh
Roxie Harp
Anna Hemperly
Edith Henley
Mildred Hoffman
Ethel Johns
Mildred Jones
Gertrude Keller
Marie Kemp
Louise Kennedy
Mary Lape
Blanche Leary
Mary Lee
Florence Lorinor
Carrie Lucas
Irma Manitzer
Sarah Martin
Lucile Miller
Carrie Moore
Phyllis Morrison
Ruth Mowry
Lucille McClellan
Helen McCready
Gladys McFadden
Edith McLean
Mary McMullen
Mildred Newlon
Dorothy Nichols
Emily Nolan
Marie Novotny
Elize Oster
Helen Page
Florence Parker
Helen Pearson
Myrtle Ramsey
Lucile Rantz
Mary Reed
Marie Remy
Gayle Rife
Hester Robinson
Treva Robinson
Mary Ropp
Eleanor Ross
Margaret Schafer
Minnie Schroeder
Doris Seymour
Garnet Sheets
Rhea Smith
Frances Smithisler
Leona Snyder
Marie Tower
Lois Trimble
Marie Uhlich
Christina Urich
Martha VanTilburg
Heta Wert
Miriam Williams
Kathryne Willis
Alverda Young

"Publication Suspended"

Crash! Thump, thump! Whish—i—i—sh! And a hurricane, in the form of Fatty Crockett, blew into Glen Howard's room. But Fatty didn't stop as soon as he got inside; he kept on going until his nose plowed a little furrow in the thick plush rug.

"Save the pieces," said Glen, "What do you think you are doing?"

"Just—seein'—if I—could—shine up—my nose," gasped the one in distress. "How does it—look, very smooth?"

"Exceedingly so," responded a third party, in the person of Jimmy Trent. "Whatever it was you were trying to do, I would say that you were a howling success."

Just take a minute here, please, to become acquainted. The three young fellows so far introduced, Glen Howard, Philemon Crockett, known to his friends and others at "Fatty," and James Trent, shortened to "Jimmy," are all Juniors of Langdon High in the city of Civionia, Maine. Before the advent of Fatty, Glen and Jimmy, bosom friends, had been quietly going over current school topics in Glen's room. Contrary to conditions usually found in stories of school or college, the room possessed no bay window with its accustomed following of pillows. However, the two windows, one to the south and one to the east, did have rich, brightly colored draperies, which, with various articles of adornment in the room, gave proof of the good taste of the boy and the financial condition of his family.

From the east window one could see the fine lawn, now turning slightly brown, which lay in front of Glen's beautiful home. Across the city, above the roofs of the surrounding houses, rose the flat roofs of Langdon. Now to go back to the interrupted conversation.

"Well," said Fatty, "if you fellows will stop nagging me long enough for me to get my breath, I'll tell you what's happened."

"Good," responded Jimmy, "spit it out. I thought you looked worried when you came in. 'An honest confession is good for the soul' you know."

"Well," said Fatty—it was his favorite ejaculation—"to be truthful, I have the honor to announce that you two young men have been elected to the 'Megaphone' staff. Furthermore, Mr. Howard has been elected Editor, while Mr. Trent has been elected Business Manager."

Having delivered himself of his load, he coolly possessed himself of the best chair in the room and deposited his feet, which were in proportion to the remainder of his body, on the table. Glen and Jimmy looked at each other in silence. At last the latter broke the silence, "I had hoped to get in, but hardly dared to wish for such as this."

"Nor I," came the response.

"I might add," broke in Fatty, "that Johnny Fling has been appointed Special Reporter. I thought it might interest you."

"Indeed it does, Glen, do you remember what trouble that little almond-eyed Chinaman gave us last year on the Soph baseball team?"

"Do I? I should smile!"

It was a well known fact that in his Sophomore year Fling had stolen some equipment and blamed Glen and Jimmy for the act, nearly causing their expulsion from the team. Now they would have the same fellow to contend with this year. Glen saw trouble loom up in the offing.

"What can't be cured must be endured," he soliloquized, "but I do wish he weren't on. Some fool idea of that romantic English teacher, I suppose. She'd die if she has to keep her fingers out of the pie."

"Yes, that's true, too true," said Fatty, musingly. "Come on, Jimmy, I'll see you get home safely." And so the two passed out without further conversation, except a short "So-long."

Following the election and the subsequent excitement, events took their natural course. The copy boxes were placed in the halls, the largest being in the lower hall as usual, and the keys given to Glen and Trent. Typewritten and censored copy was collected, in the usual manner, and turned over to the printer. Also, the price was fixed at three cents, the paper being a weekly.

At the end of the second hour on Friday, the papers were brought up to the school and taken to the lunch room, where the long tables were utilized by a competent corps of Junior girls, making short work of the folding process.

At noon dismissal the papers, sold in each of the four corridors, went, as usual with the first issue, like hot cakes on a cold day.

"If this would only keep up," sighed Trent, "our financial worries would be over. I wonder what they think of it."

His question was soon answered, and this by Mr. Burkholder, professor of English IV.

"Some paper you're putting out, Trent," he said. "The others think so, too. Only what's the idea of this?" and he pointed out the line, 'Mr. Burkholder, our well beloved and able teacher of English, is black again this year.' I didn't know I had changed color, Trent."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Burkholder. It is a mistake, and I'll have it acknowledged next issue."

"That's all right, my boy, just so it doesn't happen again. Now don't worry yourself about it."

But Trent did worry. And this worry increased as he noticed other mistakes, small, to be sure, but still not speaking well for the one in charge of the make-up.

"How the deuce did that slip by?" he questioned himself. "Fling was monkeying around with that copy while I was getting it ready, but surely he wouldn't do anything. Still, he must have, because I sure was mighty careful about looking after everything. I guess I'll bring it up at the staff meeting Wednesday."

His gloom was somewhat dispelled, though, by the commendations received from every side. According to his plan, he broached the subject at the regular Wednesday staff meeting in the Megaphone office.

"Mistakes have somehow crept in, in a way which I, for one, do not understand," he said. "Hereafter, if the editor approves, I don't want anyone hanging around down at the printer's during the make-up except Glen. Also, the copy needn't be read by anyone except Glen and myself," this last with a glance at Fling. "That is all I have to say," he ended abruptly.

When the meeting ended, all left except Glen and Trent.

"Say, Jimmy," said the one, "during the meeting it occurred to me that if ever I am not at school, you would be first in command, so to speak. If such is ever the case I want you to do just what you think best; I'm sure it will always be the right thing."

"Thanks, Glen, I'll try," and the two separated for their classes.

Time passed, and life went on in the school as it had for the last ten years, the same in all but one respect—the paper. Glen and Trent worked hard and continuously, endeavoring with all the powers they possessed to do their utmost in making the paper what it should be– the voice of the school. The paper continued to appear reg-

ularly every Friday, each issue better than the one before it, each containing an added feature. In this issue was begun a series of articles of practical information, in that a story contest, and so on.

Yet, as it seemed to Glen and Trent, for every improvement, there were a dozen mistakes, small, but nevertheless annoying; this time in a heading, another time in the body of an article; mistakes that tended to lower the point of accuracy, which, at least the staff thought, was the goal of the paper. And it seemed to Trent as if Fling indulged in a certain malicious joy whenever a mistake was found, and, as Trent now remembered, it was usually Fling who found the mistakes. As Trent expressed it to Glen, "He seems to know just where to look for them."

This bothered Trent more than he cared to admit. He just couldn't get that ugly grin of Fling's out of his mind. The thought of Fling seemed to oppose him at every turn, seemed to beat him back with that perpetual grin and those narrow, slanting eyes.

The next morning, his thoughts were happily turned aside, at least for the time being, when Mr. Cranton, the principal, handed him a letter from Hillsdale College. It came from the journalistic department. The letter was of a strictly business type informing "Mr. Glen Howard" of a high school newspaper contest, state-wide, to be carried on under the auspices of the department of journalism at Hillsdale College. In the contest notice would be taken of the amount of news and arrangement of the same, editorials, departments, advertising, etc. All publications were to be in by Friday, May 21. Glen read the letter exultingly until he reached the last line, standing apart from the body of the letter and underscored. It was: "*Account will be taken, also, of the number of mistakes appearing in the publication.*"

When Glen saw Trent at noon he showed him the letter and jabbered joyfully during the reading. When Trent had finished he looked up, his face clouded.

"But it says here," he remarked gloomily, "that the papers must be in by Friday, May 21. That's our day of publication."

"I know it, old dear, but don't you recollect that the Megaphone is run off Thursday evening. If we can get the paper in the mail by midnight, it will reach Hillsdale on Friday."

"Well, just as you say; that one hundred dollar first prize does look mighty good. The second at seventy-five isn't so bad either. We sure need one of the two. Counting on all the money that will come in by the end of the year we still lack about fifty dollars of the payment for the final issue. If people would only buy the Megaphone and stop knocking it we would get along a lot better. As it is, only half the school buys."

"Too bad, too bad. Who's dead?"

The two turned and saw Fatty Crockett standing a short distance away, as solemn as a judge. An instant later his face broke into a broad grin.

"I say, fellows," he cried, "what's the idea of the funeral expressions? You look as if your grandmother's cuckoo clock had lost its cuckoo. What's wrong?"

"We were just discussing business affairs, Fatty," Glen replied, "entirely too weighty for your unsophisticated mentality."

"My—my—what?" questioned Fatty. "No wonder you looked glum if that's the way you feel. But whatever it is, I'd be glad to help if I could," he finished eagerly.

"No, thanks," Trent responded. "I guess we can manage it."

"Hope so," and Fatty sauntered off to join another group.

"Fatty's always trying to help," said Trent, almost complainingly. "It'll get him into trouble some time. Come on, we'd better be getting in, if we don't want to be tardy."

So the two entered the building talking earnestly about their "weighty business affairs."

At the staff meeting the next morning, Wednesday, announcement was made of the decision Glen and Trent had reached as to the contest, and assignments were given out. All the staff were very much enthused, except Fling, who stared stolidly at the ceiling throughout the whole meeting.

The week of the contest soon came and found Glen—sick in bed. Trent, frantic, ran around like a chicken with its head off. He kept the wires hot between the high school and the extension 'phone in Glen's room at home. Then he discovered the truth of the old adage: "It never rains but it pours."

When he tried to 'phone Wednesday afternoon to arrange for the collection of the copy Thursday morning a voice sweetly informed him that the line was "out of order." He then remembered Glen's words of sometime before—"Do just what you think best. I'm sure it will always be the right thing."

So he detailed Lou Walters, his dependable Sophomore assistant, to see to the collection of the copy the next morning, as he himself would be at the printer's all day. He said he would look for the copy about ten o'clock the next morning.

Thursday morning came. So did ten o'clock—ten-thirty—and ten-forty-five; and still Trent, waiting anxiously at the printer's, received no copy. Had Walters dissolved into thin air? It appeared so. At eleven o'clock he could stand it no longer, so he called the school. Mr. Cranton answered and said he would call Walters. Trent soon heard his small, piping voice, quavering with excitement.

Soon Trent began a series of short, sharp phrases.

"What!—They're kiddin' you—impossible! Absolute rot! Get down here as fast as you can."

"Johnny," he said, hanging up the receiver and turning to one of the printers, "Walters says the copy boxes have disappeared, completely disappeared. So has that Chinaman, Fling. I wish I could punch his pasty face for him."

When Walters arrived he could tell no more than he did over the 'phone. When he started on his rounds at eight-thirty to collect the copy he discovered that the copy boxes had been removed from their racks. Fling had not been at school all morning so far as he knew. Trent went to dinner, telling Walters to do the same, and then to go directly to school. He (Trent) would return to the printer's that he might be there in case anything should turn up.

Walters worked according to directions, and, arriving at school in due time, found Glen, pale and shaky, awaiting him. Glen had already noticed the absence of the copy boxes. What was more, his father, when coming home at noon, had seen Fling with a bundle of small sheets under his arm hurrying out Fremont Street. Mr. Cranton could not throw any light whatever on the situation. The Flings did not have a 'phone. Trent had not gone back to the printer's as he had said he would. The printer had said he would call up as soon as Trent came.

Shortly before dismissal Glen decided he must let the school know the situation. He, therefor, put the following announcement on the bulletin board:

No Megaphone This Week

Publication Suspended for *This Issue Only*

Unable to Locate Copy

When nearly all the pupils had passed out Fatty Crockett approached Glen with downcast eyes.

"Say, Glen, old man—I'm mighty sorry," he hesitated, "I don't understand it though; I took it all to Marlan's—"

"Took what?" asked Glen.

"The copy," was the startling answer.

"What! Man, are you telling me you took all that copy to Marlan's Print Shop? Loosen up. Did you?"

"O, don't get so sore, Glen, I thought I was helping you a lot. You were sick and I knew Trent would be busy—'nd so, early this morning I came and collected the copy boxes—'n' took 'em to Marlan's; you know we get all our concert programs and commencement programs printed there, so that's where I thought the Megaphone was printed; I'm mighty sorry. Just as I was coming out of Marlan's Jack Sporn came along in his Stutz and asked me to go for a little spin. We had some trouble and just got back about half an hour ago."

"Well, you sure did get us into a mess, but you didn't do it on purpose," Glen said, softening. "But now, I wonder what that was Fling had. Maybe Superintendent Hitchcock would know."

Glen went up to the Superintendent's office and found him alone.

"Why, yes, Howard," he replied in answer to Glen's question, "I sent Fling over to Fremont High with some old records early this morning. I suppose he thought he was entitled to a day off."

Just then the 'phone rang and Mr. Hitchcock, answering it, called Glen. Trent's voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Glen, heard you were at school. Just got in from a journey to about every print shop in the city. Finally found the copy and the copy boxes at Marlan's. They didn't know who they belonged to and they couldn't find out from the copy because the boxes were locked. If we work late tonight and early tomorrow morning we can get the paper out by noon. G'by," and the receiver was slammed up. Glen turned away smiling and explained the situation to Mr. Hitchcock, who laughed heartily.

As Glen was descending the center stairs his face clouded. The contest! He had forgotten all about it. "But," he told himself, "nothing can be done until tomorrow." The paper would have to be sent then. He corrected the bulletin announcement and then went home.

In the morning he went down to the printer's and one of the first papers to come off the press was sent on its journey to Hillsdale.

Nearly two weeks later, as Glen and Trent were sitting in the Megaphone office, a small Freshman timidly opened the door and handed Glen a letter. He opened it and pulled out a check, to the order of the "Megaphone" for fifty dollars. Fastened to the check was a typewritten note, running as follows:

Although your paper was judged the best, it was a day late in arriving. However, the judges, taking cognizance of your effort, have thought it only just to give you some award. Therefore, you have been awarded third prize.

"Every little bit helps," quoted Glen, as he handed the check to Trent.

ROBERT ACKERMAN—'21

The
Junior Play
---
and
So Forth

SOPHS

Sophomore Officers

RAYMOND WINTERS ..... *President*
HELEN SHROER ..... *Vice President*
HELEN KEATING ..... *Secretary*
CHESTER LINHAM ..... *Treasurer*

Sophomores

Boys

Robert Albrecht
Hurst Anderson
Robert Barnett
Robert Beard
Albert Benson
William Bloor
Carlos Brewer
Barton Bronkar
Harold Bruce
Ralph Bush
Robert Campbell
Russell Cline
John Condrin
John Correll
Nihl Crider
Frank Crouse
Robert Cunningham
Clinton Drake
Harold Dysart
Ross Eyerly
Edward Fisher
Harvey FitzSimmons
Charles Ford
Karl Fritz
Russell Gibson
Wallace Gilkison
Carlton Guthrie
Albert Hachten
William Hahn
Raymond Harnly
Alden Heath
Ronald Henderson
Reid Homerick
Russell Humbert
Wayne Hursh
Carl Imhoff
Reginald Jenny
Frederick Jesson
Robert Keith
Stewart Knarr
Herbert Krusheld
Russell Laird
Arnold Lehnhart
George Leistensnider
Chester Linham
Lloyd Lister
Leland Manuel
Edmund Miller
Robert Mink
William McBride
Donald McLean
Lester McVicar
Paul Old
Louis Ott
John Pearce
Russell Phipps
William Pitney
Raymond Poling
Wilbur Reese
Wilbur Remy
Arthur Riggs
Albert Roth
Willard Ruhl
Harvey Sawhill
Harold Sayles
Ned Shocker
Charles Shutt
Harold Sigler
Donald Speiser
Leland Stephon
Paul Stuff
Rolla Stull
Virgil Taylor
Jack Thorne
Robert Warne
Arthur Warrack
Edward Watkins
John Weaver
William Weldon
Louis Wendland
Raymond Winters
Norman Wolfe
Charles Young

Girls

Ruth Alderman
Mary Antrican
Audra Arnold
Katherine Arnold
Zada Au
Florence Baer
Evelyn Baker
Edna Bare
Marie Beer
Sarah Bishop
Thelma Black
Anna Bloom
Alice Britton
Mary Brown
Lillian Butts
Ethel Byerly

Sophomores (*Concluded*)

Florence Cairns
Donna Cline
Mildred Conley
Josephine Cook
Margery Cook
Alma Corman
Faye Craig
Alice Crosby
Laurabell Davis
Mildred DeWitt
Eunice Dickerson
Ruth Downs
Edra Eldridge
Edith Erlich
Margie Feeney
Avenelle Fields
Nina Figley
Mary Fineburg
Marjorie Fisher
Mary Frey
Mary Gerstmeyer
Geraldine Gilbert
Martha Grabosky
Martha Gray
Martha Gump
Henrietta Hafley
Florence Hall
Elnora Hamblin
Vivian Harnly
Jeanette Henkel
Gertrude Herbrand
Fern Herring
Esther Hess
Idabelle High
Naomi Hink
Margaret Hoppe
Eva Houghton
Lucile Hout
Wilma Hout
Elizabeth Hughes
Miriam Johnson
Frances Jones
Doris Kallmerton
Helen Keating
Marian Keefe
Cecilia Kemp
Agnes Kissane
Mary Kolb
Adeline Krauter
Harriett Kyle
Corrine Lawrence
Margaret LeBerth
Thelma Leach
Cora Lemley
Estella Lemon
Maurine Loiselle
Helen Lorow
Naomi Lutz
Edith Malone
Hazel Manner
Florence Martin
Kathryn Martin
Ruth Massa
Dorothy Miller
Mabel Miller
Mildred Miller
Rhea Mitchell
Donna Morris
Roselyn Mowry
Mildred McCully
Helen McKinley
Margie McLean
Margaret Nolan
Gretchen Peppard
Fern Pittinger
Thelma Richey
Ruth Rowlands
Bertha Schafer
Margaret Schafer
Helen Schroer
Helen Schuler
Mary Scott
Florence Seymour
Frances Shannon
Mary Sheidler
Helen Shingleton
Faye Shively
Thelma Shupp
Helen Smith
Barbara Smythe
Helen Sommers
Carmalletta Spear
Miriam Thoma
Susannah Voegele
Lilian Walters
Beatrice Watts
Josephine Whittier
Marvel Wiegand
Dolores Williams
Elizabeth Witter

The Reign of the Terror

The Vanderbilt du Bois had adopted an orphan.

"Well, everybody's adopting orphans. What of it?"

Do I hear you ask this absurd question? Evidently you are not acquainted with the Vanderbilt du Bois. They are the most influential people in Martinsville's society circles. In case you do not know what or where Martinsville is, I will volunteer the following information. It is a very exclusive winter resort on the western coast of Florida. It was founded by Mr. J. C. Martins, the Oil King, whose picture you have doubtless seen in the brown sheet of the Sunday papers.

The Vanderbilt du Bois were sometimes classed among the "Idyle Rich," but I assure you that they were anything but idle. 'Twas true that Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois ate her breakfast in bed, but she was only resting, and, as she, herself, said, "It's one's duty to arise in the morning, refreshed and rested and ready to take an active part in the work planned for the day."

In the morning, Mr. Vanderbilt du Bois played a game of golf, and his wife walked around the links with him. Not that she enjoyed the walk, far be it from that, she had so few moments alone with her "dear husband" that she really felt that she ought to spend the morning with him. Such was her explanation, but I have my own private opinion concerning the matter. I think she did it to reduce.

After luncheon, they usually motored over to Long Beach for a swim. Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois, in a bathing suit, would have caused much gossip had not her husband been the president of the Surf Club, an entirely new and original society, organized by the Shofield-Walthams, to take the place of the Hiking Club of last season.

In the evening the Vanderbilt du Bois usually attended a dance or played bridge until the reasonable hour of one o'clock, when they retired, as Mr. Vanderbilt du Bois insisted upon keeping regular hours. I am sure that you will agree with me when I say that they were not idle, and, now that you know something of their life, friends and surroundings, perhaps you can answer your own question—"What of it?"

Whether you can or not the fact remains the same—the Vanderbilt du Bois had adopted an orphan. Not a French orphan or a Belgian orphan, one never knows what to expect from a foreigner, but a fine American boy of eleven. Oh, yes, indeed, he was a war orphan. His mother had been killed while working in a munition factory and his father died on the battle-field of France. Wasn't that tragic enough to suit anyone?

His future father and mother had interviewed him. He seemed to be a manly little lad and he was so quiet.

When the Vanderbilt du Bois had owned him a day, they wished they had never seen him. The things he had done during the first week would fill a book. Nothing

escaped his eagle eye. He was into everything. He was impossible! Such language! Such manners! Such plebian tastes!

One day they had taken him to Long Beach with them and had introduced him to the members of the Surf Club.

"This," said his new father, "is Archibald Vanderbilt du Bois."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Schofield-Waltman, as she coolly stared at him through her lorgnette. Then she turned her head slightly and gazed fondly at Percival Schofield-Waltman, Jr., aged twelve, who was busily engaged in reading "Plutarch's Lives."

"Howdy, folks," said Archibald. "I'm off for a swim. So long!"

Leaving the Surf Club open-mouthed and staring, he waded into the water.

Mr. Manners, who claimed to be related to the famous Lady Diana, though his looks belied his words, was the first to break the silence. "I say!" he ejaculated, "isn't he a terror? By Jove! Begging your pardon, Mr. Van, I think that name is better suited to him than Archibald. I say! How does that strike you, ladies and gentlemen? The Terror!"

"How clever," murmured the ladies.

"Bully," acquiesced the men.

Just then the Terror, as he was now to be called, came running up to them. "Say," he cried, rudely interrupting the conversation, "who's that 'Sis' settin' over there under the whopping bumbershoot?"

"I do not understand you, Archibald," said his mother.

"I said, who's that guy settin' under the sun-shade," repeated the Terror, as he pointed a stubby forefinger in the direction of the reader of "Plutarch's Lives."

"Archibald! One does not point, one does not shout and one does not use slang, but one does beg ones' pardon when stepping in front of one. If you refer to the young boy sitting under the umbrella, he is the son of Mrs. Schofield-Waltman."

"Jiminy Crickets!"

"You must apologize to his mother immediately."

"What for?"

"For being so ungentlemanly as to speak so rudely of her son."

"Ever hear the story of the cherry tree?"

"Archibald!"

"Well, I can't tell her I'm sorry, can I, because I'm not sorry one bit, and I'd be telling a lie if I said I was," said the Terror.

"Go to the car and remain there," thundered Mr. Vanderbilt du Bois.

The Vanderbilt du Bois left soon after this, as the seldom unbroken silence was extremely unpleasant. When they reached their car, they found the Terror engaged in an exciting game of crap with the chauffeur. Nothing was said about either of these episodes until that night when Archibald was in bed. Whatever was then said, the Terror evidently understood it. The next day he sneaked out of the house to the garage. When he reached a window, he climbed up the trellis on which grew Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois' favorite Dorothy Perkins' roses.

"Biddle," he said in a stage whisper, "Oh, Biddle."

The man working at the car looked up and grinned. Hullo, sonny. Come out to beat me in another game of——?"

"Sh! Mrs. Van, she sez that I can't talk to you, er play with you, er anything any more. She sez I'm too demo—demo—democratic, an' that I have very plebean tastes an' that no son of her can 'sociate with her servants an' all the riff-raff 'bout town." The indignant little voice stopped, out of breath.

"She sez that, did she? Well, ain't that too bad? I guess that we can manage to have a game once in awhile anyway," replied Biddle.

"No, she don't want me to play any more an' I promised I wouldn't. I mus' go now er she'll be comin' here an' git me. 'Bye!"

He climbed down the trelis taking the roses with him. He would fix them later, he thought. Now he didn't have time. When he entered the house his mother said, "You may play in the garden until luncheon, if you wish, Archibald."

He ran into the garden. Gee! Wasn't that the dandiest tree to climb. He was having the time of his life swaying in the topmost branches, when a maid came out of the house and called, "Oh, Master Archibald! You mother says that you must get down immediately. You might fall and hurt yourself."

Fall! The Terror fall! Impossible, and he knew it.

"Bet she's afraid I'll tear my pants," he grumbled. Nevertheless he got down and shuffled along the walk which ran around the garden just inside the large stone wall which bordered it.

"This is the dickens of a place. They won't let a fellow do anything. Not anything!" He gave the wall a vicious kick. Some of the old cement around the stones crumbled and fell away. He kicked it again. More cement was dislodged from its place. One of the stones moved. The Terror leaned over and pulled at the huge stone. He had made up his mind that he would take it out of the wall.

"I'll spoil this ole wall for 'em. They'll see. They'll be sorry," he muttered. "What's wrong with this ole stone anyhow. Come on out here. Come on! There! It's almost out. Gee! Thats' hot work." He straightened his strong little back and drew a grimy hand across his perspiring forehead. In its path there was a long dirty streak. Utterly unconscious of this new beauty mark, he set to work again. This time he was not moving a stone out of a garden wall. He and his men were tearing down a blockade which the enemy had put in their path.

"Ready, men! One, two, three, pull! That's the stuff. One more heave and she'll be out. Steady there. Now!" The stone suddenly came out of the wall, and as it hit the earth a black cloud of dust arose. "Back! Gee, that was a narrow escape. Anybody hurt? No? That's good. I thought that shell was gona burst right on us. Let's see what's on the other side of this wall—I mean—well—wall."

He peered through the opening. On the other side was somebody's back yard. It was a real back yard. The washing was hanging out and, dodging about under the snow-white clothes, was a homely, red-haired little boy with a big yellow dog. The Terror watched them a minute.

"Hullo, there," he yelled. The boy stopped and looked about. "Here I am," said the Terror, "over by the wall." The boy walked slowly over to the place where the Terror's head was all that could be seen.

"Hullo," said the boy pleasantly. "I know who you are. You're the boy

everybody says is so bad, but my mother says, she bets you're jus' mischevious like me. See my dog? His name's Cootie. He's the mascot of our army."

"He's a nice dog," remarked the Terror. "Tell me about your army."

"We ain't got no army no more, 'cause we can't 'gree on who'll be gineral."

"If I can be in it, I'll be the gineral. My father was a soldier an' I know all about it."

"Your father!" exclaimed his new friend, whose name was Jimmy.

"Oh, not this ole man," explained the Terror. "My real father."

"Say, if the other fellows 'gree, that'll be swell. So your father was a soldier. My father worked for the government. He worked in a ship yard."

"That was fine," said the Terror, heartily. "My mother——."

"Jimmy! Do you want some doughnuts?" called a voice from the pretty white cottage.

"Do I? I'll say I do! Jus' a second."

He was back in a minute with two hands full of crisp, brown doughnuts, one of which he gave to the Terror. As they ate them, they decided to meet at the "hole in the wall" at the same time the next day. Then the Terror departed.

When he reached the hole the next day, Jimmy and six other boys were there. The Terror was unanimously elected "gineral," and after removing (with some difficulty) another stone, he crawled through the opening into Jimmy Small's back yard. The boys decided that they would take turns drilling in their back yards. All of them obeyed every command of the Terror. They all admired him, especially the mascot, and Cootie followed him everywhere.

At last came the day when the boys were to drill in the Terror's garden. They crawled through the hole in the wall and drilled, unobserved, because every one was busy, as Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois was having a tea.

The only thing that worried the Terror was—where would he get something to eat for the fellows? Everywhere else the boys' mothers had given them something to eat. He knew! He would go and take some cakes from the kitchen. His mother would think that the ladies had eaten them, so she would say nothing about it.

"Be back in a minute, fellows," he called.

He ran to the front door. He did not notice that Cootie was following him. He opened the door. In slipped Cootie. The Terror went into the drawing room. His mother looked up and smiled. He was much improved.

"Good afternoon," he said. Just then Cootie came to the door. He saw Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois' Persian cat peacefully sleeping upon the davenport. With one bound he was beside it. Such a fuss! Such yells!

"Cootie," said the boy, imperatively. "Cootie." The dog turned around.

"Come here, sir!" said the Terror. With his tail between his legs, the yellow dog walked over to the Terror. He turned a pair of sorrowful gray eyes up to the boy's face. His tail thumped the floor. The boy's eyes filled with tears. He had spoiled the party. He had tried to be good.

"Look! Hes' sorry, and so am I," he said, and with a sob he fled from the room, with the yellow dog at his heels.

That night Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois found a note at her place at the dining table.

"I'm sorry. I'll go away in the morning. I didn't mean to be bad."

Without a word she handed it to her husband and left the table.

"The dear little kid," he murmured.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Company, 'tenshun!"

The little army was drilling on the Vanderbilt du Bois' front lawn. Biddle stood in the drive watching it. With him was Mr. Vanderbilt du Bois.

"The way them there boys mind him sure gets me," said Biddle.

"He's their king," said the boy's father.

"Come and get some doughnuts, boys," called Mrs. Vanderbilt du Bois, from the porch. A raid on the porch followed, in which the Terror's father joined.

"There! That's enough, mother. We'll come back for some more later. All right, fellows. Fall in! Company, 'tenshun!"

They all obeyed. His mother put the doughnuts away. The boys "fell in." The Terror reigned supreme.

HELEN KEATING—'22

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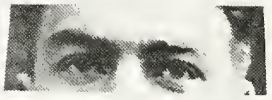

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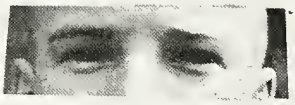

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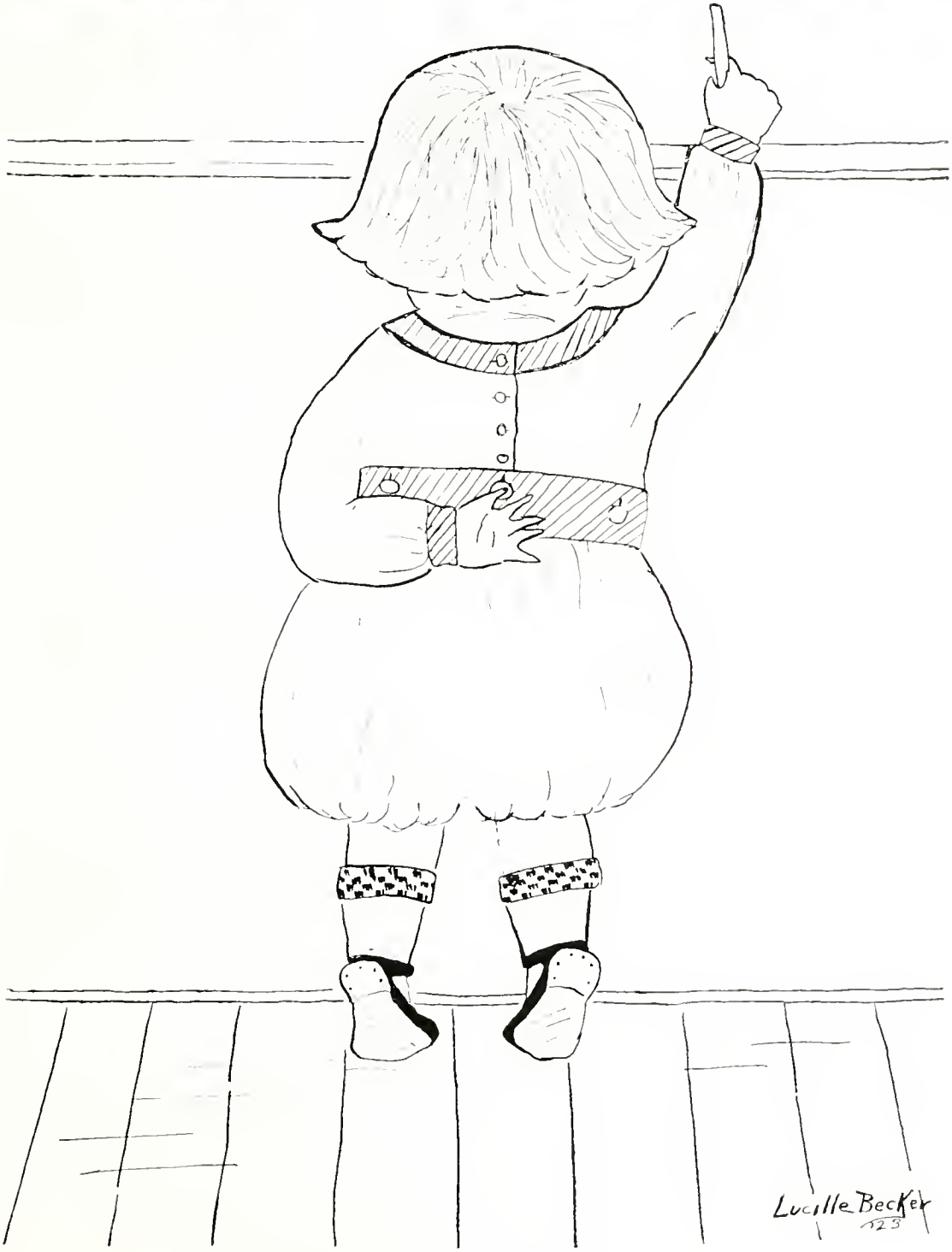
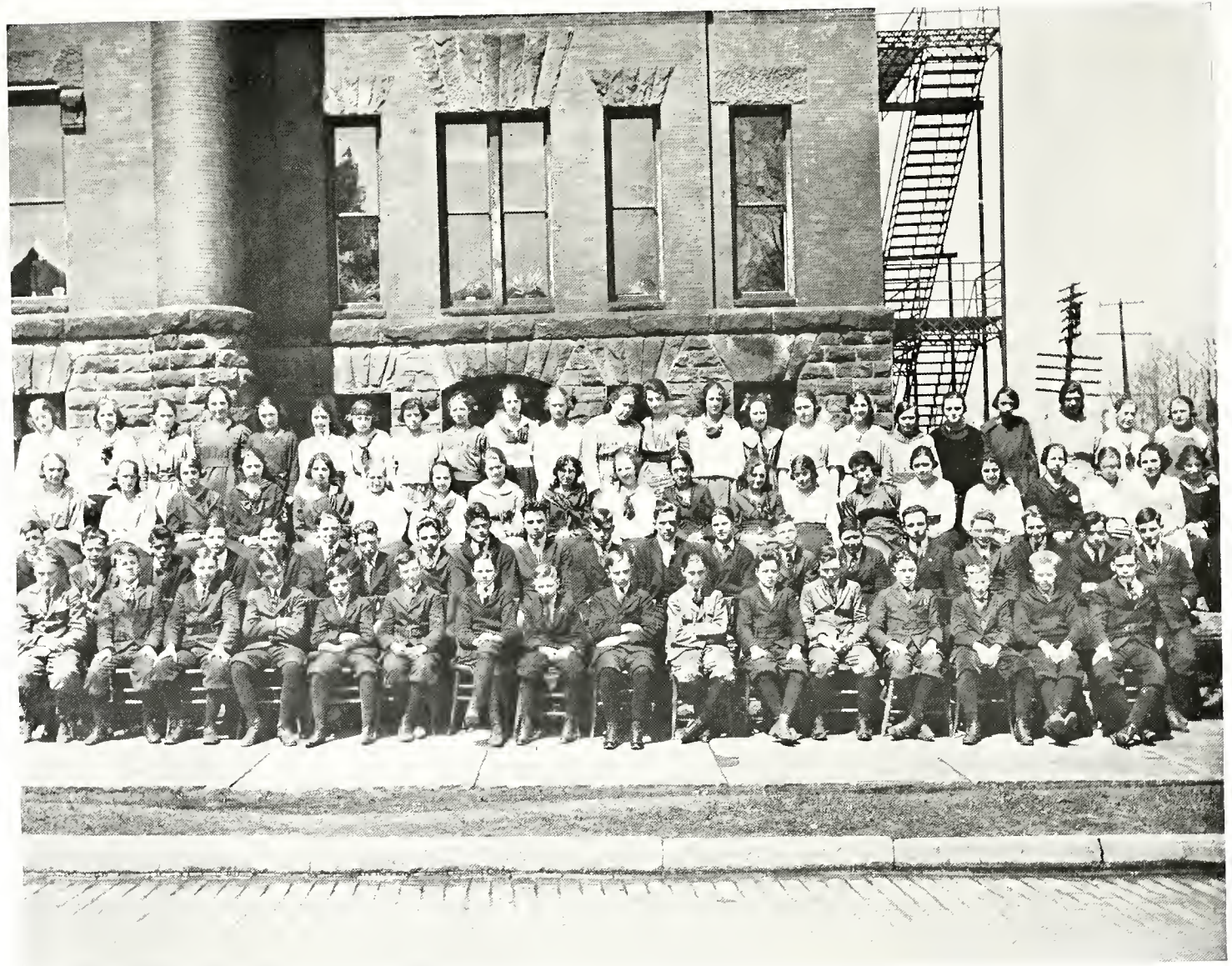
FRESHMEN



Freshman Officers

ARDEN STRANG ..... *President*
ELEANOR BRADFORD ..... *Vice President*
ESTHER WOOD ..... *Secretary*
VELMA WASHBURN ..... *Treasurer*



Freshmen

Boys

James Andrews
Pierpont Bahl
Maurice Bair
Waldo Bair
Theodore Banks
Shirley Beam
Charles Beck
Robert Bell
Roger Black
Walter Bobo
Earl Boellhoff
Charles Brook
Clark Brook
Chester Brubach
Irvin Brune
Myron Burneson
Cecil Byers
Joseph Cairns
Joe Claypool
Harold Crutchett
Walter Cunning
Clark Davis
Earl Dickson
James Dickson
Glenn Erdenberger
Kenneth Ernsberger
Darl Faust
Carl Fay
Ray Feilds
Robert Forsythe
Harold Frasher
Harold Galbraith
Wayne Garrison
Ross Greider
LaVerne Guenther
Howard Guy
Lee Hammett
Ralph Hardey
Kenneth Hartman
Earl Heineking
Leroy Henderson
Dean Herrold
Clarence Hein
Earl Hoover
Earl Horning
Selby Houston
David Hughes
Ariel Humphrey
Ray Hunt
Harley Ihrig
Henry Isaly
Glenn Jolley
Rex Kallmerton
Paul Keane
Harvey Kibler
Lloyd Kick
Arthur Kienle
Kenneth Kiplinger
Paul Kirkpatrick
Edward Kissel
Blake Kohler
John Kolb
Abraham Lantz
Huber Lantz
John Leppo
William Long
Paul Lorentz
F. H. Maxwell
Frederick Mull
Paul Murphy
Carl Myers
Lew McIlvaine
Floyd McLaughlin
Dale Oswalt
Harry Parr
Howard Pierce
Edmund Pitney
William Pohlman
Ernest Porter
Jack Robbins
Russell Ross
Howard Rusk
George Sarbry
Henry Schroeder
Chester Schultz
Kenneth Shaffer
Herbert Slough
Carl Smith
Everett Smith
Hubert Smith
George Snyder
Frank Sonner
Eugene Spain
Arden Strang
Roscoe Sullivan
Russell Tappan
Russell Terman
Paul Todd
John Van Cura
Richard Warrington
John Watkins
Carl Weikert
Charles Whitman
Harold Willman
Ralph Wilmoth
George Wilson
Karl Wolford
Clarence Zehner
John Zellner

Girls

Geraldine Adams
Ruth Adams
Thelma Anderson
Grace Baker
Katherine Ballantine
Naomi Banks
Alice Barton
Clara Beard
Ithna Bechtel
Catherine Beck
Lucille Becker
Willa Beery
Naomi Bender
Charlotte Berlo
Christina Bieber
Mabel Blackman
Isabelle Bogan
Louise Booth
Gladys Bower

Freshmen (*Concluded*)

Elizabeth Boyer
Eleanor Bradford
Marion Bradford
Louise Bricker
Wilberta Brown
Nellie Cairns
Elizabeth Calver
Faye Chamberlain
Madaline Chronister
Mary Courtney
Dorothy Craig
Esther Crall
Louise Crider
Roxie Crooks
Ruth Culbertson
Emma Dent
Naomi Dent
Gertrude Dickey
Dorothy Ebert
Creta Eggert
Louise Emery
Louise Fisher
Helen Fox
Esther Frietchen
Ethel Fry
Pauline Gallagher
Ruth Garver
Helen Geary
Lucille Gerhart
Beatrice Gerrell
Madaline Goard
Alice Grabler
Ercell Greenlee
Thelma Haffa
Mary Hagerman
Louise Hancock
Irene Harbaugh
Delphia Harmon
Ruth Harding
Mabel Harris
Margaret Heichel
Pearl Heichel
Mae Herring
Adeline Hoffman
Irene Hoffman
Marcella Hoffman
Emma Horne
Dorothy Hunter
Ruth Hursh
Dorothy Jacoby
Wilma James
Marie Jones
Viola Jones
Mary Karcher
Elizabeth Kegg
Louise Kerr
Thelma Kick
DaLee Kiley
Evelyn King
Mae King
Eleanor Knell
Martha Kyle
Margaretta Laird
Marjorie Lemon
Margaret Leopold
Althea Lorentz
Helen Lyons
Irene Mamber
Catherine Matz
DeLee McClure
Ruth McClure
Mabel McFadden
Marian McGinley
Leona McGinty
Mildred McGinty
Rhea McGregor
Bertha McLaughlin
Irene McMeeken
Mary Miles
Loveina Miller
Sadie Miller
Eva Mohler
Clara Moore
Edith Moore
Rose Nixon
Sara Oster
Bertha Palmer
Twila Park
Lucile Parker
Evelyn Pearson
Thelma Penrose
Zoa Pittinger
Dorothy Reinhart
Marion Rice
Ethel Riley
Florence Ritchie
DaLee Robinson
Isabel Robinson
Lucile Ruley
Louise Russell
Elizabeth Sampsell
Dorothy Schnorr
Sybil Scott
Katherine Sells
Isabel Sheets
Gladys Shingleton
Ruth Smith
Inez Sotherland
Nellie Spencer
Annlisbeth Springer
Kathryn Sunkel
Helena Sweval
Elizabeth Taylor
Tacy Teeter
Erma Teeters
Kathryn Terman
Laura Trimble
Isabelle Tulloss
Ruth Turner
Dorothy Velzy
Velma Washburn
Lorna Weaver
Virginia West
Alverda Wiegand
Naomi Wigton
Audrey Winbigler
Lula Wise
Ruth Wise
Lois Wolff
Esther Wood
Mabel Young
Ruby Young
Mary Zeigler
Madelle Zimmerman

Stuffy's Resolutions

Stuffy arose from his park bench. "What is that noise?" he thought to himself. What did it all mean—the bells clanging, the whistles blowing? He looked at the clock on the tower. Twelve o'clock. "It must be New Year's. If not, why all these people, all this uproar? It must be. Yes, it is!" he repeated slowly.

Memories of his boyhood days flooded his brain. It all came back to him. He remembered clearly how on New Year's day he had made resolutions; how he had made them again, but never had kept them, and how finally his father had disowned him on account of his waywardness.

He had drifted away; been buffeted around the country, working at times, going hungry, sleeping in sheds, on benches, in hay stacks, anywhere he could until he had become a hardened hobo. He had been in jail; had traveled in "side-door Pullmans," and had finally drifted into this southern town where he now found himself on one of its park benches after being awakened by the bells ushering in the New Year.

"Oh," he thought, "Now is the time for resolutions. Why not start over again? Make a man of myself. Become respected." Hitherto unknown to him, he wondered vaguely what it would be like. "Anyway it must be fine."

"But," he shouted fiercely, rising from his bench, "I will attain it! No more park benches for me. No more loafing and begging; no freight train rides. But, instead, a respectable job in place of idleness; a decent suit of clothes on my back in place of these torn and dirty rags; a clean-shaven face, no two weeks' growth of whiskers; money in my pockets. Then folks will respect me. No more will they stare at me as candidate for the poor house; a dead weight in their community."

He lay down and went back to sleep. When he awoke it was morning. He reached in his pockets and found only two cents. Not much, but enough to buy a paper in order to look for a job.

Stuffy got the paper, turned to the last page and scanned the want ads. A lost and found column attracted his attention. He read, at the top of the column, of a wallet that had been lost or stolen during the celebration on the previous night. It contained a check and some bills of large denominations. The finder was to receive a substantial reward if it was returned to 1295 Twenty-seventh Street.

Stuffy looked down at the ground in front of him, not expecting to see the wallet jump up into his hands or anything of that sort, but just from mere curiosity to see if by any faint chance there could be something there.

Some god of luck must have been smiling upon him for there, half covered with leaves, lay a wallet.

He walked to it, picked it up and pinched himself. Was he dreaming? No, it was real. He opened it and out fell twenty-five twenty-dollar bills, also a check, endorsed, and for one thousand dollars.

The tramp danced with joy. This would start him out right. But his face clouded as he thought of his resolution. Would people respect him if he did that? Probably not, but no one would find it out. He could use the money to start him out right. Would it be right? No, it really would not.

He fought his battle and won. He started for 1295 Twenty-seventh Street.

No sooner had he taken a half dozen steps when some one grabbed him by the shoulder, rapped his head with a club and shouted, "You're pinched."

"Pinched?" he echoed.

"Yep, for stealing that wallet."

"But, I found it and—"

"Aw—tell it to the judge. You'll get a couple of years in the pen for that."

"Pinched," he repeated slowly. Had he heard aright. After all his resolutions; what was the use?

"Oh, shucks!" he said, "New Year's be blamed! Resolutions rot!"

Stooping as if to tie his shoestrings, he picked up a brick instead, slammed the officer on the head, grabbed the wallet and ran.

KENNETH KIPLINGER—'23

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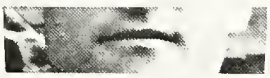

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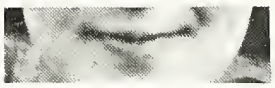

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TULIPS

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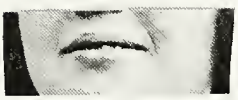

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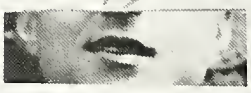

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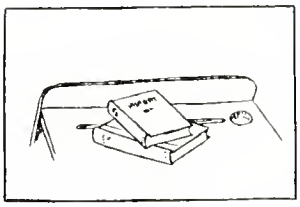
Journal



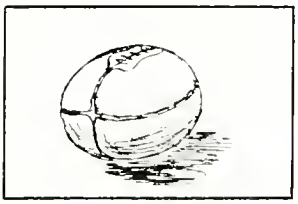
SEPTEMBER

On the ninth of September those of us who had been in the habit of dreaming sweetly until at least ten o'clock took the plunge and marched out to school at an earlier hour than ever before, for school this year opened at 8:05. We found everything humming with pep and enthusiasm, a splendid start for a memorable year.

The Freshmen, conspicuous by their air of innocence, huddled in the corners and overflowed onto the sidewalk, while the Sophomores strutted proudly in front of the newcomers, anxious to be classed as old-timers. New friendships were made, not only among the Freshmen, but between the students and new editions to our faculty, all of whom we have found to be true and valuable friends. Mrs. Neumann in Study I sprang into popularity. The Seniors claimed Miss McClure, Mr. Leedy, Miss Mendenhall, and Miss Lawrence, the Sophomores Mr. Rinehart, and the Freshmen Miss Waring, Miss Bloor and Mr. Simpson. During the month the Seniors chose their class officers and strengthened by organization, opened the social season with a Corn Roast at Walker's Lake on September thirteenth. Truly, September was a month of beginnings.

OCTOBER

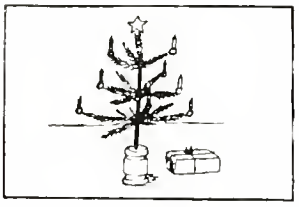
Ginx! 'Twas Monday the thirteenth and the beginning of test week, when the Seniors first encountered the famous test of Miss McClure and Mr. Schneck! But we lived through that and were happy again in pushing for a new High School. The bankers came, lost their dignity, and shouted vigorously for our new High. Right away they fell in love with Li'l' Eddie Dann. Why does he always capture the hearts of newcomers? Some wise people prophesied utter ruin for the school when the Annual staff elections were published. The bright spot of the month was Teachers' Institute and the accompanying vacation. We were beaten in the game with Bucyrus, but Watts promised us that defeat would never come again. The Hypho then made its appearance, bigger, better—a real credit to the Junior class. But you remember the peppy speeches our Senior girls gave us at the mass meeting, boosting for Athletics and the A. A. Party. Our Hallowee'n party was the biggest success in years. Remember all the funny costumes, and the stunts? Will you ever forget Hale as an animal trainer, Dickie Parsons as the rabbit, or Fat Sayles as a sweet young thing?



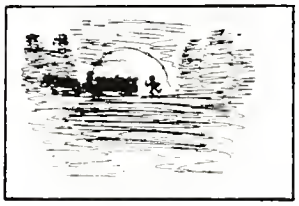
NOVEMBER

A better beginning couldn't have been found for a football month! We beat Ashland in a sea of mud! Mart Bricker, demonstrating his new football strength, smashed a desk in History. Great was the crash! And then came another opportunity to uncork our bubbling spirits. All the schools marched in a parade boosting for the bond issue. Joy reigned on the day when we learned that the issue had carried. It was at the mass meeting which followed that Herman Balyeat made his debut as a speaker. Unfortunately we were just out of laurel wreaths so he had to be content with applause. Then came the whirlwind finish of football. Ed. Gibson, in a sentimental state of mind, caused by a note from a Freshman girl, hummed the wedding march, while our team played a funeral dirge for Shelby on their home field. The Norwalk game came next with a score of 7-0 and John Coss as the hero. With the season finished in four straight victories, we welcomed the Thanksgiving vacation. Every one was happy. Bee Perry decorated Mr. Symmes with a turkey wing and a rabbit's tail, and Ruth Helter left school early to prepare for Harold.

DECEMBER



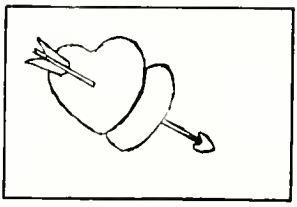
A new month, a new term and new hope! Schedules were changed and countless Freshmen who had just memorized their room numbers were thrown into wild confusion. Ben and Phil, reunited at last, put on a vaudeville stunt during Miss McClure's absence, entitled "Aeroplaning in History Class." About the middle of the month a very select Senior society, meeting every Thursday afternoon, was organized—The Scientific Club. Members vie with one another for the presidency. A most enjoyable concert was held in the Congregational Church on the twelfth. At the Sophomore party, class officers were initiated, and presents given out to every one by Mr. Leedy, or Santa Claus. Now comes a revelation! The Annual Detective Bureau wishes to disclose this awful news! Ben sent Thelma an onion as a peace offering—the poor girl wept; and second, a mysterious exchange of notes—or documents—has been discovered, called the "Miss Black Overshoe Correspondence." At the close of December the A. A. pins were given out. Dr. Osborne spoke on "Night Shades, Poppies and Shadows." We cleaned up Norwalk in our first basketball game, and the New Year slipped in during mid-year vacation.



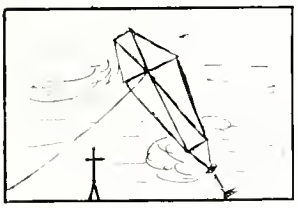
JANUARY

The snow piled up, the wind blew, ice formed and many were the falls. Gloom hung thick on January 5th when we returned to school, but the unexpected sight of Mrs. Neumann, temporarily back in Study I, brightened the day and we were happy again. A welcoming odor of "Red Crown Perfume" greeted the Seniors from the Physics Laboratory. Dick Hautzenroeder practiced indoor photography on Flo, who refused to take it seriously. Every bit of gloom that had remained vanished on the ninth when our first and second teams were victorious over Galion. It was considered wise to take the Seniors' pictures while they were in this happy state of mind, so the dash to the photographers began. We calmed down long enough to hold the first meetings of Dramatic, Literary, and Debating Societies which promised from the first to be very beneficial. The student concert we enjoyed greatly. Mrs. Knote came on the 19th to take care of Study I, and we felt immediately that we would like her. Through the agony of test week shone the hope that we would beat Ashland on Friday. We did! It was glorious. On Friday Rev. Kiplinger spoke to us on the "Advantages of Education." The month came to a close with our Galion triumph.

FEBRUARY



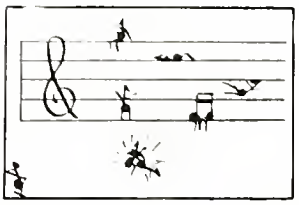
We were greeted with grade cards—blasted hopes for some. Our team gave us victory over Marion on the fifth. We were so proud! The eleventh was a memorable day. In the afternoon, Mr. Slough spoke on "Abraham Lincoln," and in the evening the Juniors held a party, at which a little play entitled "The Rich Miss Poor" was given. The next night came the faculty concert, the last of the series and perhaps the most delightful. On Valentine's Day we were still mincing along on ice, the wind was sharp, yet a certain softening influence was noticeable—a little touch of spring—the beginning or renewal of interest in certain young people, which we suppose was caused by St. Valentine's visit. Enthusiasm ran high when we beat Ashland on our home floor. On Washington's birthday the Seniors started a new event—the Senior Banquet—which was such a promising affair that we hope that other succeeding classes will follow our example. With determination to fight and with the entire school backing them, our team went to the Delaware Tournament. We first defeated Conneaut, but were, ourselves, defeated by Defiance. Nevertheless our team has a splendid record, and we are proud of the boys.



MARCH

Horrors! Ruth Helter took one look at Hurshie, the monk, and nearly fled. The bearded vampire wasn't bearded right away and so was conspicuous only through the announcements of rewards for his discovery. We hoped that Miss Blair, who arrived at this time to fill the vacancy in Study I, realized we were only paying tournament bets. Another Basketball victory was scored when we played Bucyrus on March 6th. The Miscellaneous Concert, on which the Music Class had labored since the beginning of school, was a wonderful success. Mr. Chubb was proud of us, so it must have been good. On St. Patrick's Day, Mr. Whitehouse addressed an audience adorned in the color of pasture. Virgil Kirkpatrick was a mixture of Irishman and Roman orator with a green band around his head. Thursday brought a forecast of coming parting. John and Charles made their last speeches as Basketball men, and the Hypho complimented the Seniors. When the Juniors throw bouquets at us we must be nearly gone. We beat Mt. Vernon in the last game of the season, and two of the most exciting interclass games of the year were fought between the Seniors and the Juniors.

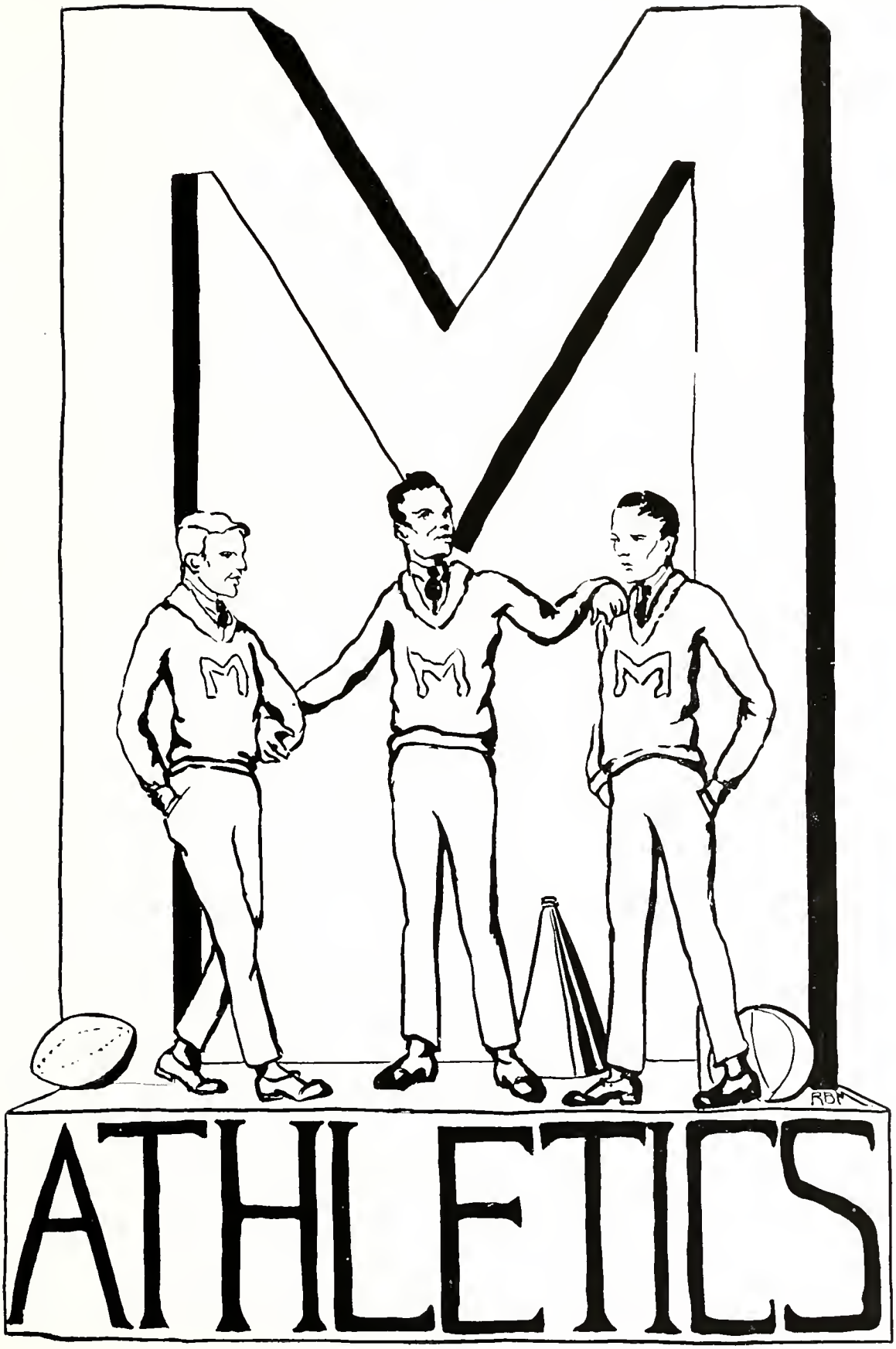
APRIL

The Faculty heaved a sigh of relief, for what April First pranks were played occurred out of school during vacation. Of course, we all had a delightful vacation. Those of us who were thin spent the time fattening up, while those who found themselves too plump tried vigorously to reduce—which activities proved that the Junior-Senior reception was not far off. When we returned to school all we heard from fair upper-classmen—or women, which is it?—was clothes. After much fuss, anxiety and prepartion the thirtieth arrived; the girls brought out their much talked-of frocks, and every boy pressed his other suit. As to the reception—it was a success from beginning to end. The play was splendid, and the Seniors realized immediately that they would have great difficulty to produce anything better. Ileta, as Aunt Mary, was splendid. Rufus, as Jack, couldn't have been better. He confessed at rehearsal that he'd be all right as soon as he got warmed up to it. We enjoyed Mary Lee as Betty very much, and a better Lucinda than Lucille couldn't have been found. In the middle of the month the Annual went to press, and the emaciated staff was too weak to even weep for joy.

MAY

The birds sang, the sun shone, we picked flowers and shyly laid them on teacher's desk. It has been said that in the Spring a young man's fancy idly turns to thoughts of love. The poet certainly knew what he was talking about. Those little affairs which had been developing since some time in February, burst forth in full bloom and it was all you could do to break through the mob which cluttered the sidewalk. Everywhere you turned the same sight of boy and girl met your eye. To hardened bachelors it was all quite disgusting. May is our big baseball month. Our team, which started practice in April, came through splendidly and we had just cause to be proud of their record. The Freshman party was just the kind of an affair you would expect the class of '23 to give; peppy and enthusiastic from start to finish. Toward the end of the month the operetta was presented. The cast, under the direction of Mr. Chubb and Mrs. Wagner, had been working hard for six weeks and the result was the most delightful production which we have given in years.

JUNE

June, the Seniors' month, came in bringing Senior week. Beneath the hustle and laughter was a feeling of sadness and perhaps a little dread, for the Seniors realized that soon they would go away from old M. H. S. But they suppressed the feeling as best they could and plnuged into a week crowded full of activities. There were the Senior dance, Senior class day, the Senior play and the day when the Annual came out. Of course we couldn't please every one, but on a whole our book took well. And then came graduation—that day toward which we had been looking and working for so long—and now that it had come we didn't want to leave. We felt queer and chokey, but we knew that we couldn't stay forever, that it was time for us to set out on our own responsibility, and so another class went forth to spread abroad the spirit of M. H. S.


ATHLETICS

Athletic Council

Charles Nail	*President Athletic Association*
Augustus Fox	*Vice President Athletic Association*
Helen Richard	*Secretary Athletic Association*
Paul Shultz	*Treasurer Athletic Association*
Paul Watts	*Captain Football Team*
John Coss	*Captain Basketball Team*
Charles Nail	*Captain Baseball Team*
Ben. Chase	*Manager Football Team*
Paul Hursh	*Manager Basketball Team*
Hale Sturges	*Manager Baseball Team*
Harry Karcher	*Manager Track Team*
Mr. F. M. Foster	*Coach*
Mr. J. M. Jacobs	*Faculty Manager*
Mrs. Maud Wagner	*Faculty Advisor*
Miss Kathleen Mendenhall	*Faculty Advisor*
Miss Helen Bloor	*Faculty Advisor*

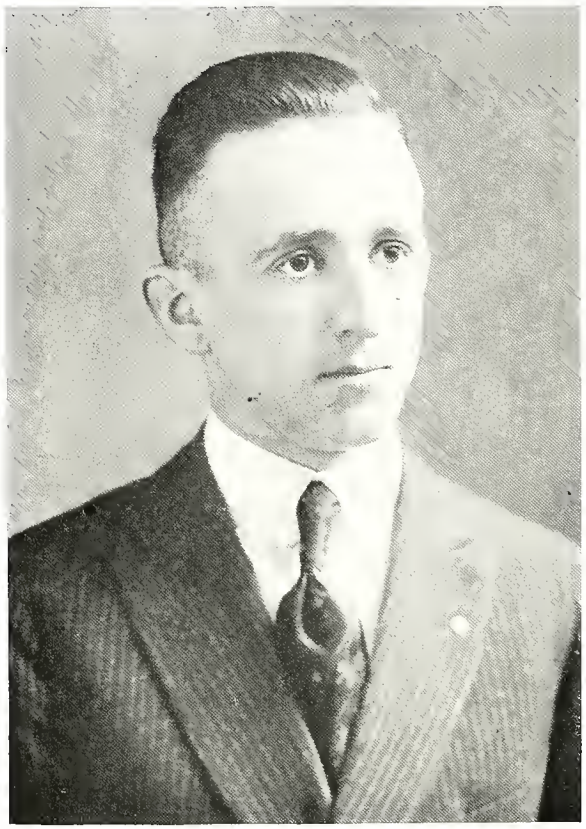
Athletic Association

Charles Nail	*President*
Gus Fox	*Vice President*
Helen Richards	*Secretary*
Paul Shultz	*Treasurer*

The Athletic Association was formed in the fall of 1919. This was made possible principally through the efforts of Coach Foster. Heretofore the Association was managed by the Principal and Coach. This year, the students have their part in it, the officers being elected from the school at large.

The Athletic Council, composed of the various managers and captains, three from the faculty, and the coach, assisted in the work of the Association. This enabled the faculty and the students to co-operate for the common good.

The Association has been run on a real financial basis and has shown itself to be a very profitable organization.

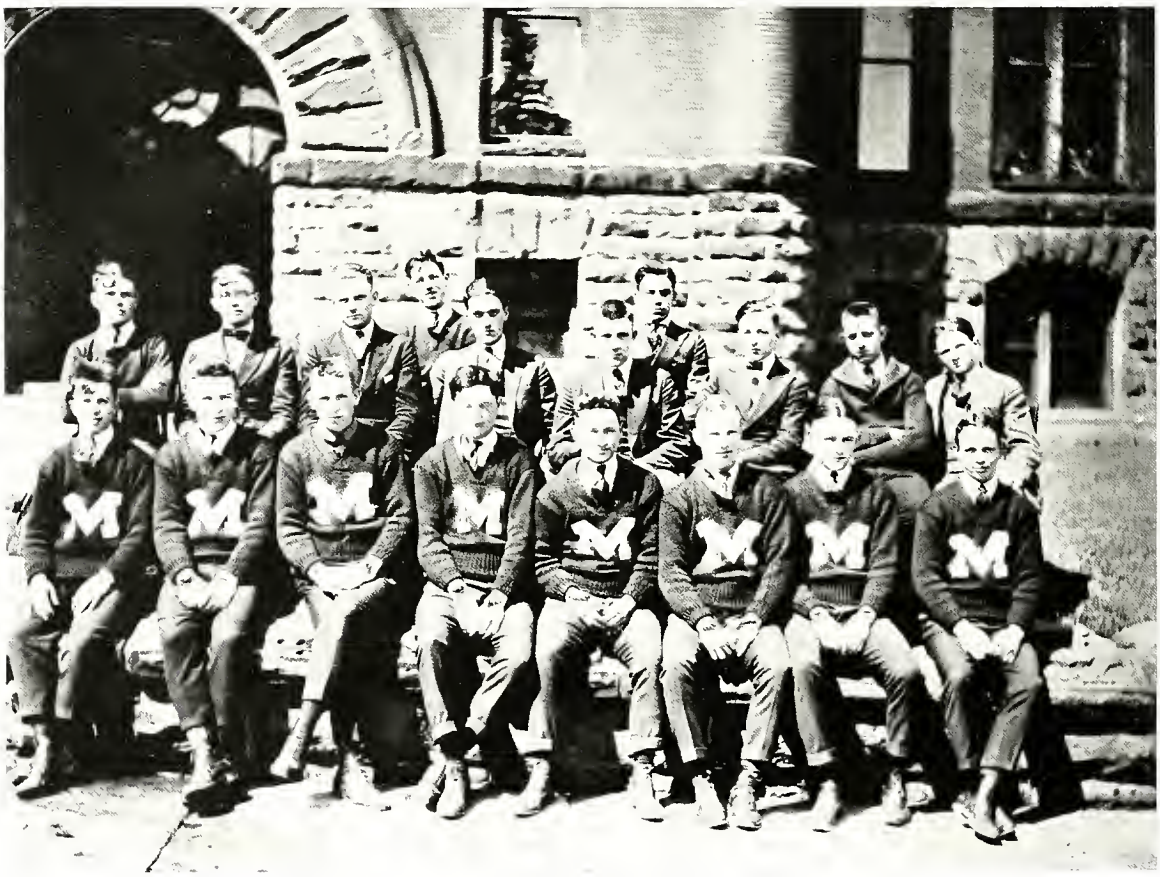


F. M. Foster

Coach "Cy" Foster is a graduate of the Illinois School for Coaches. He is a coach in every sense of the word He believes in the teams knowing more than just the fundamentals; a thorough knowledge of the rules required. He also believes in building teams not *only* for the present but for the future. The under classmen are the coming teams and they are watched very closely. He has done more for M. H. S. in the line of athletics than any other coach.

Jos. M. Jacobs
Faculty Manager

"M" Association



Wearers of the M.

Charles Nail	Football, Basketball, Baseball
John Coss	Football, Basketball, Baseball
Paul Watts	Football, Baseball
Victor Leach	Football, Basketball
Howard Oster	Football, Basketball
Hugh Morrison	Football, Basketball
Curtis Ford	Football
Martin Bricker	Football
Kenneth Sotherland	Football
Virgil Kirkpatrick	Football
James Crum	Football
Augustus Fox	Baseball
Earl Davis	Baseball
Edward Gibson	Football
Harold Underwood	Football
Charles Hancock	Basketball
Robert Padgett	Football

HONORARY LETTER MEN

Chase	Manager Football
Hursh	Manager Basketball
Sturges	Manager Baseball
Dann	Yell Leader

"Ed." Dann

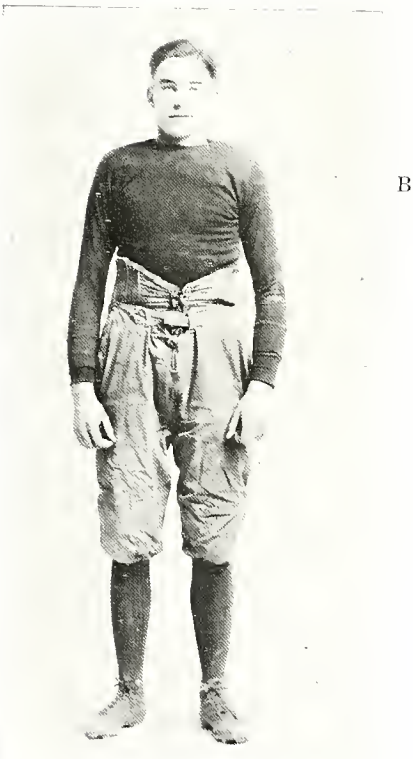
"Ed." Dann was our cheer leader. He needs no introduction as he has been heard all over the country. If there was ever a rooting crowd at M. H. S. it was this year, and hats off to "Ed." who led them. It is needless to say that he will be missed for he seemed to be made for the job.

FOOTBALL

WATTS, *Captain*

NAIL

COSS



BRICKER

LEACH

KIRKPATRICK

SOTHERLAND

UNDERWOOD

FORD

OSTER

MORRISON

CHASE, *Manager*

Football Squad

Back Row (left to right)—David Lantz, Curtis Ford, John Coss, Martin Bricker, Harold Underwood, F. M. Foster (coach), Alfred Tappan, Augustus Fox, Virgil Kirkpatrick, Edward Gibson.

Front Row (left to right)—K. Sotherland, Owen Fighter, Victor Leach, Howard Oster, Paul Watts (captain), Hugh Morrison, James Crum, Charles Nail, Stewart Knarr.

Football Review

Stoo dense—er, we mean students, of M. H. S., don't listen to whatever any one tells you about our football season until you read this.

Now you can tell them that we had a bird of a team, that we had a successful season—well, what if we did lose four games, we won five, didn't we? You don't absolutely *have* to tell them about Akron South, Marion, Wooster and Bucyrus. Oh, yes, 'n' another thing—didn't we win the last four games? That shows that we had a team that could have, might have, we mean, won the state championship if we had only had some more teams to play.

About thirty-five fellows answered the call for candidates. Practice was started immediately at the Fairgrounds and for the first week or so all the results to be noted were stiff muscles.

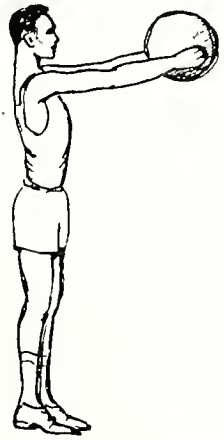
On the twenty-seventh of September we went to Akron to play Akron South We failed to show a fighting spirit and we lost, eighteen to nothing. This made us real mad and the result was that when Mt. Vernon came here on the fourth of October we fought like—real hard, you know—and beat them, ten to seven. This was the first time that we had the chance to see our team in action, and judging from the crowd and the way they yelled, the game was a big success. Oh! by the way, here's some advice. When any one starts a conversation about mud, unless you were at Marion on the eleventh of October, quietly withdraw from the conversation. Now please don't ask us, immediately on reading this, if there was mud at Marion. Why, boy, that's what the M. stands for. In fact, we sorta forget whether it was Mud or Marion that beat us. On the eighteenth of the same month we went to Wooster, and although we had a fine field on which to play, and in spite of the fact that we outplayed the Woosterites, we lacked the punch to carry across. Our next game was with Bucyrus, and was a hard-fought game. Bucyrus won, three to nothing, on the drop kick from the twenty-yard line.

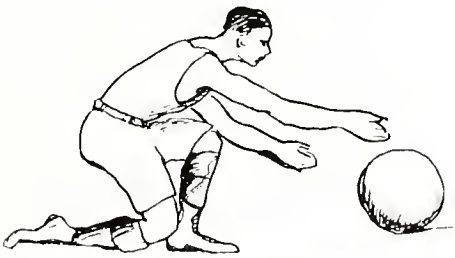
That seemed to be the last straw, but instead of breaking down, we seemed to get a new grip on things, and when again we appeared before the public we—well, you probably have heard of Ashland, and how we handled the situation. Do we remember? How can we forget? Rain! Mud! Loyal Crowd! Good Team—ripping good! Weren't our boys good-looking in their muddy suits though? Did we mind? Huh! Foolish. Why, our pep lasted for the last three games, when, on the eighth of November, we beat Shelby at Shelby, and on the fifteenth of the same month Norwalk at Mansfield. We will not attempt to describe the last home game of the season, but we refer you to the Mansfield News for the sixteenth of November if you wish to know about how our lanky end caught the pass that Nail threw and sped down the field at ninety per for a touchdown. At Galion, on the twenty-first of November, some of the fellows fought for M. H. S. for the last time and fought well.

As we look back over the season, we can truthfully say that we are pleased and satisfied that our boys did their best and we appreciate it. The only thing we regret is that we will not be able to have all the fellows back again next year. It would not do to close this review without mentioning Coach Foster. We are saying the best we can when we say that he was SOME COACH.

BASKET-BALL

Coss





NAIL

HANCOCK

MORRISON

OSTER

'20

FORD

PAUL HURSH
Manager Basketball Team

Basketball Squad

Back Row- (left to right)—Victor Leach, K. Sotherland, Russell Cline, John Correll, Harold Underwood, Coach Foster, Rufus Tracy, William Bloor, Stewart Knarr, Edward Gibson.

Front Row (left to right)—Howard Oster, Earl Davis, Charles Nail, John Coss (captain), Hugh Morrison, Charles Hancock, Curtis Ford.

Basketball—The 1920 Season

The first call for candidates was issued the first of December and a large number of aspiring men answered it. Captain Coss, Leach and Nail were the only letter men to report, but the prospects for a successful season were exceptionally bright with the addition to the squad of several new men.

This year's schedule was the hardest one in years. But out of a total of fifteen games played only two defeats were sustained. These two defeats were administered by Fostoria and Defiance. Had a return game been played with both these there is no question but that two victories would have been chalked up to the credit side of Mansfield's record. The most notable games were the two victories over Ashland and the defeats handed to Delaware and Mt. Vernon.

The season opened with a 41-27 victory over Norwalk. As neither team was in shape to show much, the game was not marked by any good passing or team work. The next game was considered by our worthy coach as being the means which made possible a successful season. It was the defeat handed to M. H. S. by Fostoria, 25-23 No alibis are offered; that is a game which needs to be forgotten. The following night an interesting game was played with the Alumni. Captain Coss' men were too much for the former members of the Red and White and a 30-16 victory resulted. The next Friday evening Galion came over to suffer a 45-16 defeat. Coss and Nail proved a trifle to much for the visitors. The first half was very slow, but in the second old M. H. S. looked like a whirlwind.

The following week the team played their second league game at Marion. This proved to be the most exciting game of the season. With the score more than doubled against Mansfield at the end of the first half, Captain Coss and Co. won out, 24-23. Although Coss made the winning points, the game was won because every man fought as he never had before. Then came the long-watched-for game at Ashland. A whole car load of rooters accompanied the team and deserve a great deal of credit for the victory. The team seemed to have acquired a taste for making things interesting by winning out in the last few minutes; this was the third game won in the last quarter Score 38-29.

The defeat handed to Delaware really showed how the team could fight. Nail was too sick to play, but did not seem to be missed. All the men seemed to have a "good night" and the victory was by a twelve point margin, 38-26. Marion came over the next week determined to land a victory, but due to the haziness of some of their players, the strange floor and the five big reasons before them, they suffered a 43-11 defeat.

The time seemed to be just right for an "off" game, so the team had one at Norwalk the next Friday night, which was the 13th. With but a little better than a second team they held the Red and White to a 23-18 score.

Basketball—The 1920 Season (*Concluded*)

The Ashland aggregation came over the next week, all primed, but old Mansfield rather spoiled the fireworks for them and dampened their powder to the tune of 36-29. Every man of M. H. S. did his duty because they were from M. H. S. and din't dare lose to their old rival.

The trip to Delaware, to participate in the State Tournament, was made the following Thursday. Conneaut was played Friday morning and were scalped, 26-18. In the evening came the most unexpected and peculiar defeat by Defiance, 16-15. Delaware doesn't seem to have a very welcome atmosphere for Mansfield—at least the team from old M. H. S. don't seem to be able to show their goods down there.

Revenge for the football defeat last fall was secured from Akron South by a 41-29 victory. Morrison had his night and just rolled 'em in.

The game at Bucyrus the next week proved to be more of a football game than anything else, but the team showed them they could play football as well as basketball by giving them a 21-8 trouncing. With this victory M. H. S. won the North Central League Championship, not having been defeated in any league game.

The final game of the season was a well-earned victory over an old rival, Mt. Vernon. They came here very confident and determined, but Foster's men put a crimp in their feathers. As this was the last time the team would ever play together, they would have died before losing. There were no deaths, however, but there may have been some in Mt. Vernon over a score of 33-18, with Mansfield awarding the small end to Mt. Vernon.

The two guards, Oster and Hancock, deserve special credit for the way they held down opposing forwards. The guards are too seldom mentioned for the work which they do, and there were no exceptions to the rule this year. The space here is too small to say other than that the two guards this year were worthy members of the team.

As Coss and Nail are the only letter men to graduate, and with a number of the squad back, the team next year should be a record-breaker.

BASEBALL

NAIL, *Captain*

Baseball Squad

Top Row (left to right)—Wagenhals, Bricker, Underwood.
Middle Row (left to right)—Dishong, Bookwalter, Fox, Correll, Sotherland, Elliott.
Bottom Row (left to right)—Coss, Watts, Nail, Kirkpatrick, Davis, Coach Foster.

Baseball—'20

Baseball was placed among the favorite sports of M. H. S. last year. Last season was the first team that M. H. S. has had for several years. Due to the able coaching of Coach Foster and Mr. Schneck, the team had a very successful season. They won six out of nine games played.

This year's team should have a more successful season than last year's team. Among the many reasons why a better record is expected this season are: We have five letter men back, including the battery, which is no small factor in a baseball team; also there was plenty of good material to choose the other men from.

There were thirty men out for the team, but there was not enough room to use that many men. Foster cut the squad to fourteen men, who are as follows: The five letter men, Watts, Nail (captain), Coss, Davis, Fox; the new men, Kirkpatrick, Elliott, Bricker, Underwood, Sotherland, Wagenhals, Dishong, Correll and Bookwalter

The weather has been such so far that it was necessary to postpone the first two games. They will be played on some Tuesday before school closes.

STURGES, Manager Baseball Team

Hi - Y

Top Row (left to right)—Dishong, Kochheiser, Karcher, Crider, Ford, Dann, Hayes, Sotherland, Ditweiler, H. Rusk, Balyeat.

Middle Row (left to right)—Thorne, Nail, Davis, Loomis, Bloss, Bricker, Fox, Watts, Hursh, Chase, Fighter, Brown, Wolfarth.

Bottom Row (left to right)—Sowash, Berger, Crum, Sturges, Schultz, Mitchell, Bell, Padgett, Coss, Parsons.

SOCIETY

Society News

SENIOR WEENIE ROAST

The social events of the year 1919-1920 began with the Senior Weenie Roast held at Walker's Lake, September 30. The day of the thirtieth was one of great anxiety for the Senior, for one moment the sun came out brightly and the next time we glanced out of the window the dismal rain was pouring down. But heaven favored our class and several machine loads left for the lake. While we were enjoying ourselves before a great fire suddenly a hue and cry was raised, "Where are the rest of the weenies?" The worried committee declared that over a hundred had been brought along, but now where were they? The mystery is yet unknown for more than once some well-known Senior boys were seen toasting weenies over the fire, though everyone said the weenies had been missing some time before. We make no attempt to place the guilt. This good time will long be remembered by all the Seniors.

M. H. S. MASQUERADE

The big event of the fall was the M. H. S. party. This masquerade was under the supervision of a committee from the Athletic Association. On October 31 a large company of gypsies, clowns, fairies, bold cowboys, soldiers and sailors and darkies from Ol' Kentucky gathered at the Pavilion. For an hour the only lights to be had were tiny candles, and we had many moonlight extras. The grand march began about nine o'clock. What a motley throng it was! The masque was for everyone. The dancers will never forget the dreamy measures of the Bubble Dance or the brilliant maze they wound in the Serpentine Dance, and those who could not dance delighted in the Cake Walk, when Sponge Cake, Angel Cake, Pancake and many other kinds danced before them; also the Animal Trainer with his two ferocious bears, and the Rabbit Stunt that two Junior boys gave. It is often very difficult to make such large affairs successful, but this M. H. S. party will always linger in our memories as the jolliest party of our high school career.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

From Freshman days the class of '22 has been noted for their successful parties, and the Sophomore party of December 16 was no exception. Every one was pleased The party was in charge of a committee of six Sophomores and a faculty manager. There were many exhibitions of the musical talent of the class during the first half of the evening. A take-off on the movies came next, and last of all, Mr. Leedy, acting as Santa Claus, gave a more or less appropriate gift to each member of the faculty. Every Sophomore received a Christmas stocking which contained a toy and something to eat. We all admire the spirit they showed by sending the Christmas tree and the toys to the Children's Home.

JUNIOR WINTER PICNIC

The Juniors gave a Winter Picnic at the High School on February 19. After a picnic lunch, renowned for the many and marvelous cakes, they were entertained by a play which several members of the Junior Dramatic Society gave, entitled "The Rich Miss Poor." The Juniors are a talented class and they used all their powers of entertainment to make this a success.

Society News

SENIOR BANQUET

The Senior Banquet was held in the parlors of the Central M. E. church February 23. About one hundred members of the class sat at the tables decorated with scarlet carnations and myriads of red candles. Some one called it "A feast of reason and a flow of soul," but it was more than that, far more, for the wonderful chicken dinner refreshed the inner man. During the banquet a number of splendid speeches were given—Our Freshman Year, Our Sophomore Year, Our Junior and Our Senior Years, '20 in Music, Society and Athletics. The speeches ended with two toasts, one—To Our Faculty—the other—George Washington. The class of '20 hopes that the coming classes will follow their example and have a Senior Banquet. Only once in your high school career can you enjoy it, and then you can from the depths of your loyal Senior heart.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

An event of long standing is the Junior-Senior Reception. Juniors and Seniors alike look forward to this day and one can scarcely tell which class *enjoys* it the most—the Juniors who have the work, flurry and bustle in preparation, which every Junior delights in, or the Senior guests, who experience the excellent program which is always furnished. The Junior class will give this year, on April 30, the play entitled "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

Dramatis Personae

Aunt Mary	Ileta Wert
Betty	Mary Lee
Lucinda	Lucille McClelland
Daisy	Martha Hale
The Girl from Kalamazoo	Mabel Emery
Jack	Rufus Tracy
Joshua	Edwin Palm
Stebbins	Russell May
Mitchell	Donald Borchard
Bob	Herbert Schettler
Clover	Herman Balyeat
James	Frank Mumert

The following parties are written on the social calendar for the remainer of the year: Senior Dance, Freshman Class Party, Class Picnics.

HYMENEAL

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Lawrence take pleasure in announcing the engagement of their daughter, Mildred, to Howard A. Roush, of Letart Falls, Ohio. The wedding will take place in the Methodist Episcopal Church at New Castle, Indiana, on Wednesday, June ninth, nineteen hundred and twenty, at high noon.

SENIOR BANQUET

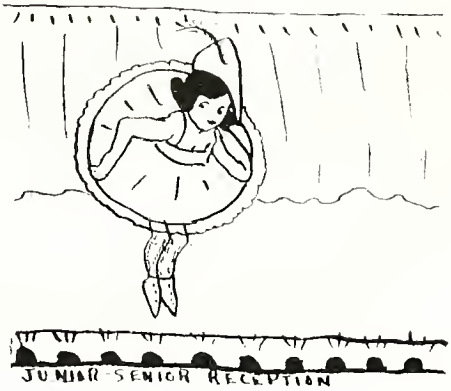
SOPHMORE PARTY

GIFTS FOR KIND TEACHERS

JUNIOR - SENIOR RECEPTION

MERLE AND AGATHA

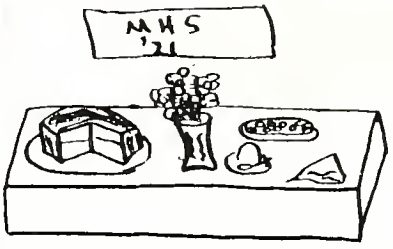
SENIOR WEINER ROAST



JUNIOR SENIOR RECEPTION

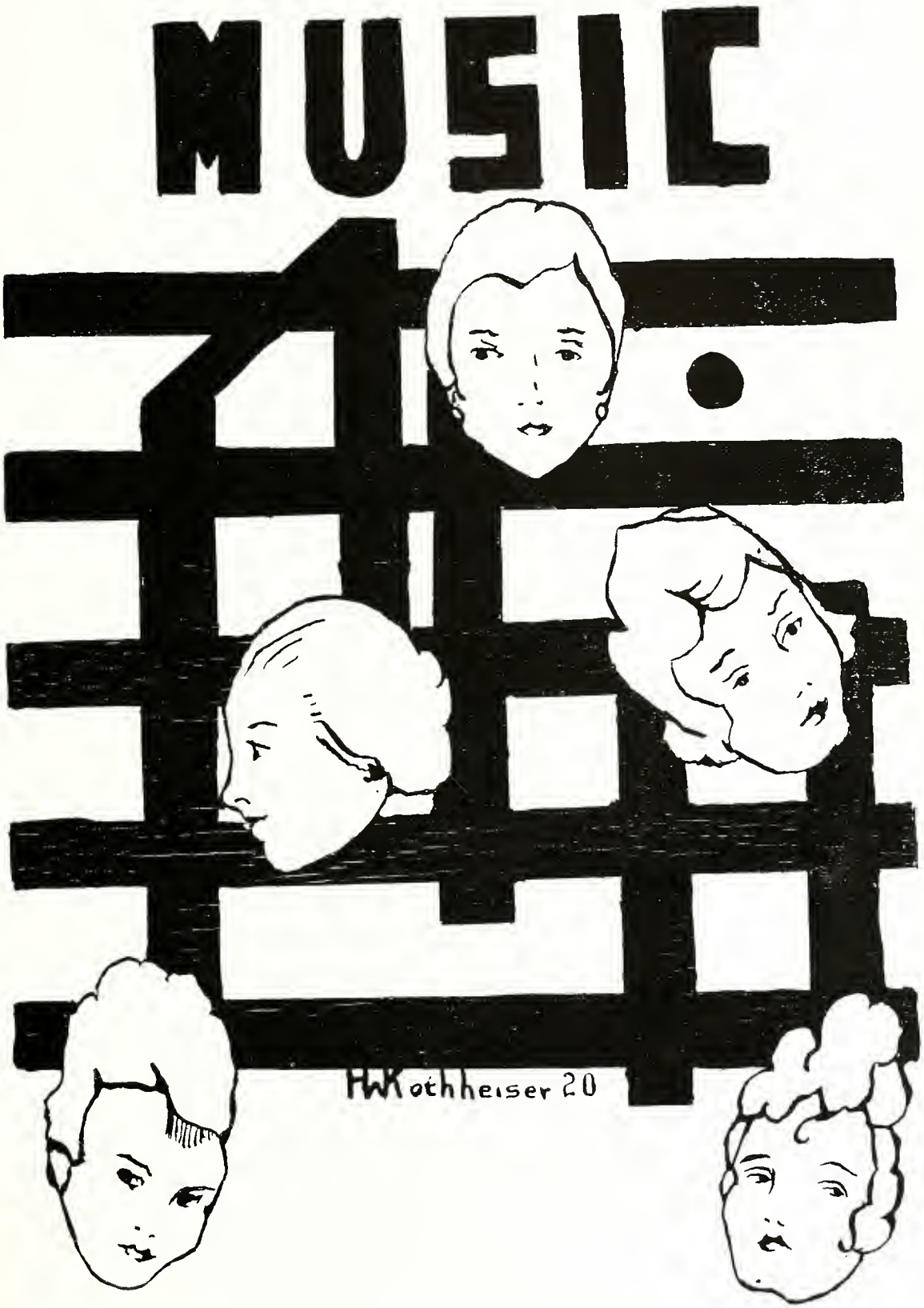
JUNE NINTH

MILDRED AND ROUSH



JUNIOR WINTER PICNIC

Follies of '19-'20


MUSIC
HWKothheiser 20

Mr. Chubb
Musical Director

Mr. R. Chubb was a graduate of the College of Cincinnati in the class of 1910. This is his second year with us, and he has proven to be one of the most capable directors we have ever had. Music this year has been one of the most important activities and has been brought to a very high standard by Mr. Chubb's excellent ability and talent in directing music. He is a man whose motto is, "There is a time for work and a time for play," and he can be very humorous at times, especially in Music Class. Mr. Chubb is liked by every one and we only hope that we will have him with us again next year, and that the students of M. H. S. will bring music to a higher standard next year.

Musical Notes

MUSIC CLASS

Music was again optional this year to all High School students, the first pediod of every Tuesday and Friday being devoted to chorus practice. The scores "Wreck of the Hesperous," "The Bridal Chorus" (from the "Rose Maiden"), "Gloria," and "The Heavens Are Telling," and the "Rose Maiden" were used as a course of study during the year. A fourth credit was given to all student members of the music class.

OPERETTA

The Operetta, "The Maid and the Middy," was selected by Mr. Chubb to be given at the Annual May Festival this year at the Opera House. Much enthusiasm is being put into the rehearsals and we are quite sure that it will be a great success under the supervision of Mr. Chubb and Mrs. Wagner.

CHORUS ANNUAL CONCERT

The Annual Miscellaneous Concert was held at the Congregational Church March 12, 1920. This concert proved to be a great success. The program was as follows:

1. (a) "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny".....*Arranged by Mr. Smart*
   (b) "American Patrol".....*Meacham*
   Mandolin Club

2. "Wreck of the Hesperous".....*Anderson*
   Soloists, Miss Agatha Reynolds, Helen Kennedy, Soprano; Clarence Wolfarth, Tenor; Frank Schreidt, Baritone.
   High School Chorus

3. "Comrades in Arms".....*Adams*
   Boys' Glee Club

4. "Bridal Chorus".....*Cowen*
   Girls' Glee Club

5. "Oloka Oe".....*Lilliuohaln*
   Mandolin Club

6. "The Heavens Are Telling".....*Hayden*
   Miss Elizabeth Hagelberger, Pianist; Mr. Selby Houston, Organist
   High School Chorus

7. "Ave Maria".....*Abbot*
   Girls' Glee Club

8. "Glouis," 12th Mass.....*Mozart*
   High School Chorus

Musical Notes

STUDENT RECITAL

The student recital was given January 16, at the First M. E. Church. A very large audience was present and they showed a spirit of much interest. The program was as follows:

1. Piano Solo—Prelude C Minor ..... *Rachmaninoff*
   Helen Bein
2. Vocal Solo—"The Road That Brought You to Me" ..... *Hamblin*
   Clarence Wolfarth
3. Piano Solo—"The Pompadour's Fan" ..... *Cadman*
   Louise Garber
4. Vocal Solo—"Phil's Secret" ..... *Schlesinger*
   Howard Rusk
5. Violin Solo—"5th Air with Variations" ..... *Dancla*
   Thelma Black
6. Piano Solo—"Tarantelle" ..... *Hiller*
   John Zellner
7. M. H. S. Mandolin Quartette—"Love's Old Sweet Song" .....
   First Mandolin, Raymond Winters
   Second Mandolin, Russell Terman
   Mandola, Harold Winters
   Mando-Cello, Raymond Wolf
8. Indian Songs—(a) "Temple Bells" ..... *Cadman*
   (b) "Kashmiri Song" ..... *Finden*
   Agatha Reynolds
9. Piano Duett—(a) "Barcarpe" ..... *Hoffman*
   (b) "Carnival Scene" ..... *Hoffman*
   Isabelle Hagelberger, Selby Houston
10. Reading—"A Little Boy Goes to the Circus" .....
    Gertrude Herband
11. Piano Solo—"Murmuring Zephyrs" ..... *Neimann-Jensen*
    Helen Schroer
12. Vocal Solo—"A Lover's Envy" ..... *Chapman*
    Richard Starret
13. Piano Solo—"Hungarian Rhapsody" ..... *Lizst*
    Beatrice Perry

Orchestra

Top Row (left to right)—Carleton Guthrie, Russell Laird, Paul Sarbry, Beatrice Perry, Herbert Shettler (leader), Herbert Slough, Carlos Brewer.

Second Row (left to right)—Katharine Matz, Louise Emery, Martha Wooden. Thelma Black, Hubert Lantz, Frank Schreidt, Chester Linham, Ronald Henderson.

The Orchestra this year has been larger than it has ever been and much time was devoted to rehearsals which were held every Wednesday and Friday mornings at 7:45. The orchestra was so large that Mr. Chubb found it necessary to divide the organization into a first and second orchestra. They furnished music for all mass meetings. Although the orchestra did not have a large display of music to select from, they were always willing.

High School Pianists

Miss Beatrice Perry was appointed by Mr. Chubb to serve as pianist for orchestra work for the year. We are sorry that this is Bee's last year with us because where Bee was there was always plenty of "Pep." Much credit is due her for her faithfulness as pianist and for furnishing entertainment at all mass meetings.

Miss Helen Bein served also as pianist for the music class and for the Girls' Glee Club this year. Helen has shown much ability in music, and we are only sorry that she will not be with us next year. Much credit is due her as she was always willing to do her part.

Boys' Glee Club

Top Row (left to right)—Ralph Hardy, Robert Ackerman, Virgil Kirkpatrick, Frank Schreidt, Clarence Wolfarth.

Second Row (left to right)—Herbert Schettler, Paul Sarbry, Donald Borchard, Ross Greider, Frank Mummert, Herbert Rusk.

Front Row (left to right)—James Crum, Selby Houston, James Andrews, Pierpont Bahl, Paul Lorrentz, Robert Barnett, Paul Watts.

The voices for the Boys' Glee Club were carefully selected this year by Mr. Chubb and much time was devoted in testing out the voices individually. The Boys' Glee Club did not make their appearance very often, but displayed their talent at the Miscellaneous Concert. This organization has been very interested in music this year, more so than in previous years, and under the supervision of Mr. Chubb all had much pleasure in being members of the club.

Girls' Glee Club

Tow Row (left to right)—Martha Wooden, Naomi Banks, Mabel Day, Ellen Dise, Ethel Johns, Martha Hale, Josephine Fernyak.

Second Row (left to right)—Bernice Dickson, Ruth Bell, Catharine Palmer, Naomi Terman, Margaret Ackerman, Frances Fernyak, Helen Sigler, Helen Kennedy, Kathryn Willis, Beatrice Perry, Mary Lee.

Front Row (left to right)—Helen Myers, Beatrice Watts, Naomi Lutz, Thelma Shupp, Ileta Wert, Helen Bein, Helen Bishop, Dorris Thorne, Thelma Black.

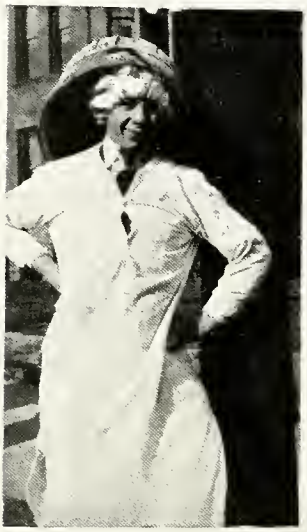
The voices for the Girls' Glee Club were also carefully selected by Mr. Chubb, and owing to the fact that Mansfield High School has a large number of talented pupils, the organization was very large this year. Thursday mornings were used for practice and much was accomplished during the year. This organization also displayed their talent at the Miscellaneous Concert.

Mandolin Club

Top Row (left to right)—Raymond Winters, Russell Terman.

Second Row (left to right)—Harold Winters, Pauline Lyons, Kenneth Kimble, Margaret Shafer, Selby Houston.

Bottom Row (left to right)—Raymond Wolfe, Fern Pittenger, Hazel Manner, Virgil Kirkpatrick, Margaret Ackerman, Lois Wolfe, Mr. Smart (Director).



GOWNS GIRLS AND GOVERNMENT

EXCUSES!

LITERATURE

M. H. S. Literary Societies

Mansfield High School has always been at the top in athletics and music, a fact of which she may indeed be proud. But, like all other institutions which stand for progress and advancement, she has not been content with this alone. A general survey of the school disclosed the fact that activities along the literary line have been sadly neglected.

This year, under the very efficient direction of Professor Whitehouse, the condition has been remedied and M. H. S., although just starting out, is well on her way to a very successful literary department. The method of organization into the various classes cannot but promote the success of the undertaking.

There are nine societies of a purely literary nature, made up of members from each of the four classes; two dramatic societies, of which the one is formed of Juniors alone, the other of Seniors, whose purpose it is to review various plays and supply the characters for the annual plays of the two classes. There is an extempore and debating society, from which will be chosen our school representative in the Wooster College debating contest at Cleveland. A society also has been organized to study and investigate the latest inventions and discoveries in the scientific world; its purpose is to enter a contest managed by the Popular Science Monthly, which requires a general knowledge of the newest things in science.

The names of the various societies are as follows:

The Spartan	The Philomathean	The Adelphian
The Philo-American	The Lincoln	The Aletheian
The Roosevelt	The Homeric	The Philo

The Senior Dramatic Society
The Junior Dramatic Society

The Extempore and Debating Society

The Merry Molecule Scientific Society

High School Vanity

They flock to them like ducks to water
And there they stand around and potter.
They block the traffic in the halls.
What? I mean these High School Dolls.

High School Dolls! Oh, you horrid thing,
How dare you say such a naughty thing?
Well now I mean it just this way;
Keep on your coat till I get my say.

I'm a man with patience I guess enough,
But I see so much of the infernal stuff,
It racks my nerves to see such vanity;
I'll tell you folks, it seems insanity.

I come to school, you know, at eight;
I try my best not to be late;
I stick my head in round the door;
And the sight I see, it makes me sore.

Around the mirror there is a crowd—
I stuff my ears, they are so loud.
What are they doing? Oh, just veneering.
I restrain myself to keep from sneering.

I never watch how they do it, you know,
But I see the powder fly like snow.
And then they stick on rouge just so.
I could fix it better myself, by Joe.

Then zona pencil and a beauty spot,
Perfume, lip stick and all such rot.
And presently the odors to me will steal;
My eyes get hazy and I almost reel.

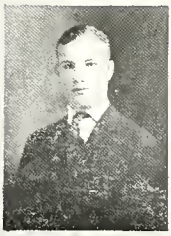
I then to the cloak room press my way;
Which of course is crowded, as I did say.
I'm telling you this 'cause it is a fact;
Truth, my friends, I have never lact.

Before the mirror are girls galore
And they're coming steadily, more and more.
I patiently wait as the moments fly;
I can go no farther, no use to try.

There they stand, and oh, so slow.
Oh yes, I keep smiling real nice, you know.
Styles come and go and I hope for the day
When a man may pass on his peaceful way.

I think, dear friends, I have said my say;
At least till I see you some other day.
Ladies, I hope you won't be peeved,
For, oh, how awfully I'd be grieved.

—Edwin E. Palm



"The Annual" Staff

Betty Parsons

Dick Hautzenroeder

"Bee" Perry

Ed. Gibson

Kathe Koller

Phil. Elliot

"Gus" Fox

Paul Hursh

Helen Richard

Dave Cummins

Charlie Nail

Helen Edes

"Vic" Leach

Akron South Here Friday

The Hyphonerian

Weather: Same as Yesterday

Official Paper of the Mansfield High School.

Volume 2 | MANSFIELD, OHIO, MARCH 3, 1920 | Number 9

M. H. S. CARRIES OFF LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP NORTH CENTRAL OHIO

Ashland Pill Tossers Defeated 36-29

MARION FIVE WINS SPECTACULAR GAME

Full House--Ashland Rooters Out

ANNOUNCEMENT

M. H. S.

Annual Miscellaneous Concert

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Friday, March 12

8 P. M.

ADMISSION - 50c

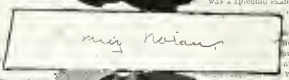
MANSFIELD PUT OUT AT TOURNAMENT

SUPT. HEL... Fo...

...meaut But De- By Defiance

...e Puts Up Rough Game

ANNUAL CON... SCHED...

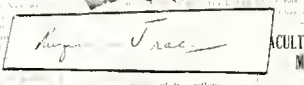


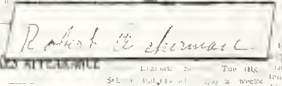
MAY ENTER BEREA TOURNEY

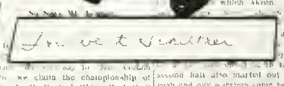
REGULATIONS FOR MASS MEETINGS

SENIOR BANQUET ...REAT SUCCESS

MANSFI... ANNUAL ...





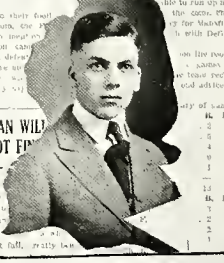


...ACULTY ...MARKS ATTRACTIVE

L. S. P. IN HAVA...

B. H. S. NIGHT

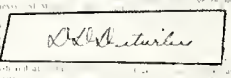
Special Features

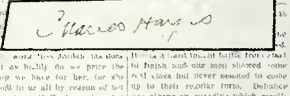


LEAGUE SCHEDULE... FOR N...

...S UP FOR ...E IN LEAGUE

MISS JORDAN WIL... NOT FI...





LEAGUE OFFICIALS MEET AT G...

FATHER AND SON BANQUET BY Y. M. C. A.

The "Father and Son" banquet given by the Y. M. C. A. at the Congregational Church, last Wednesday evening turned out to be a great success. As an inducement there was plenty to eat. Mr. Carlisle outdid the years program for the Boy's Dept. and gave a very interesting talk on the activities. The banquet was a success in every way.

(Continued on second page.)

Hyphonerian

This year it was decided to enlarge the Hyphonerian, and so, after much worry and deliberation, the first issue appeared on Wednesday, October 29, in the form of a four-page sheet, slightly over twice as large as last year's publication. This first issue was like most first attempts, but through the succeeding issues the paper rapidly improved in snappiness, appearance and the quality of news.

As the paper was a fortnightly, the price of five cents per copy and the amount to be derived from advertisements was, at first, thought sufficient to carry it through the year financially. In spite of this, the capital—there was no surplus—gradually grew smaller and smaller until shortly after the first of the year, fearing bankruptcy or worse, the staff decided to put the price up to ten cents. This produced a howl of despair from some and another of indignation from others. But the staff armed themselves against the speeches of the indignant and the Hypho continued to appear every two weeks.

Due to the fact that publication was started so late in the year, fifteen issues, were all that could be published. Of these fifteen issues, one was a "Football Number," which appeared shortly after the close of the football season. This publication, for which a special charge was made, was of the usual form, but consisted of eight pages instead of four, containing all matter relative to the football season. The staff also hopes to publish a large Commencement Number, dedicated to the Seniors, toward the end of the year.

In spite of all reverses and troubles encountered, the Hyphonerian, under the leadership of a capable staff, considers that it has completed a most successful year, but hopes that matters will be such that next year publication can and will be started two weeks after school opens.

Below is given the staff which piloted the Hyphonerian through the past year:

R. C. Ackerman ..... Editor-in-Chief
D. D. Ditwiler ..... Managing Editor
Charles Hayes ..... Circulation Manager

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

K. Sotherland ..... Alumni
Harry Sowash ..... Athletics
Rufus Tracy ..... Social
Herbert Schettler ..... Music
Emily Nolan ..... Literary and Exchange
Ellen Dice ..... Girls' Activities

REPORTORIAL STAFF

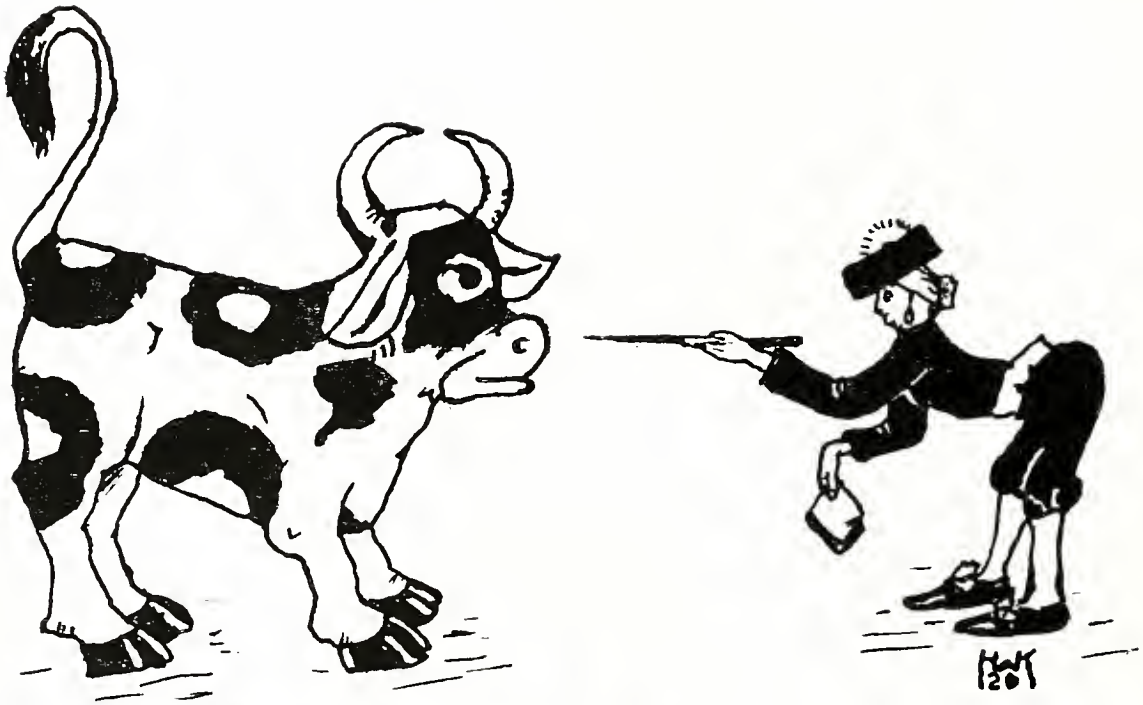
Senior
Thelma Balyeat
Louise Bissman

Junior
Mabel Emery
Paul Sarbry

Sophomore
Helen Keating
Jeanette Henkel

Freshman
Mary Karcher
James Anderson
Louise Emery

Special—Vaughn Henry



GRINDS

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;
New jokes are hard to find;
An entire editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugh—don't be too wise.

POPULAR SONGS FOR POPULAR PEOPLE

"Everybody Shimmies Now"—Helen Bein.
"The Vamp"—Lizzie.
"Sweet Kisses"—Thelma and "Dit."
"A Good Man is Hard to Find"—E. Parsons.
"I'm Always Playing Second Fiddle"—P. Hursh.
"Daddy Long Legs"—Ben Chase.
"Oh, What a Pal Was Mary"—Mart Bricker.
"Blues"—Charlie Nail.
"Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care"—H. Sturges.
"Take Your Girlie to the Movie"—John Coss.
"Tulip Time"—Ralph and Miriam.
"Tell Me"—Warren Rusk.

"I sent you a kiss over the telephone," said Jack, when he met her. "I hope you understood it."

"Oh, yes," said Bee. "I understood alright, enough. But to me a kiss over the telephone is like a straw hat."

"A straw hat," he echoed. "How?"

"Why," she answered, "it isn't felt."

"Skelly" M.—"Say, Vic, do you know where you are going next year?"
Vic L.—"It's either Penn State or State Penn, I forgot which."

Miss Lawrence during drill—"Attention! Now stand still and don't breathe. Once I stood that way for two hours." (And yet she lives.)

Warren in Physics class—"I can't get electricity through my head."
Paul W.—"Of course not, ivory is a non-conductor."

WANTED—A private secretary, qualified to care for a heavy personal correspondence. Duties light; must write only about two 28-page letters daily. H. C. Karcher.

Helen Benson in U. S. History—"General McClellan marched his troops up the James River."

Mr. S. in Chemistry—"What percentage of Hydrogen Peroxide do we get in the solution from a drug store?"

"Peg" A.—"97 per cent water and 3 per cent alcohol."

Warren Loomis—"There is a place I would like to take Hilda Henry."
R. Porch—"Where?"
Warren—"On my wedding trip."

Bernice Dickson—"Earl Davis took a picture like a movie actress."

PHANTOM SHIPS

"Her cheeks," he said, "are roses red
Upon a fragrant field.
Her ruby lips are magic ships,
That precious treasure yield."

But when to kiss the little miss
The blockhead took a notion,
Her cheeks and lips were painted ships
Upon a painted ocean.

Mrs. Chase in report room—"Clarence Wolfarth, I wish you wouldn't be so affectionate toward 'Bee;' you two make me feel so weary."

At the football game with Mt. Vernon a player by the name of Lord was laid out. Francis Maxwell, standing on the bleachers: "How do we expect to win with the Lord on their side?"

One morning at a staff meeting when we were looking at the pictures of the Faculty, B. Perry, who was looking at the picture of Mr. Schneck, said: "I think this picture looks very much Bloored."

Found on Mrs. Chase's blackboard:

Take, if you must, our beer and rum,
But spare, oh, spare our chewing gum!
(A Bright Senior)

John C.—"What artillery was Mr. Leedy in?"
Miss McClure—"I don't know."
Phillip M.—'He must have been in the heavy artillery."

LAW IN PHYSICS

The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.

We wonder why Paul Schultz said this: "Happy is the man who abhors blondes, loathes brunettes, and can't bear red-headed women."

Miss Patterson to "Ed." Dann—"Edward, stop talking to all those girls."
"Ed."—I really didn't think you would get so jealous, 'Princess Pat.' "

Helen Bein—"My favorite sport is talking."

Walter Pierce in Chemistry—"Oxygen is colorless, sightless and odorless."

SENSIRED
by
PETE MORRISON

The Shim-me

Directions: Shake well before using.
800 Shim-mies Per Issue.

THE WEATHER
Will probably shake a wicked hip.

VOL. I. SECOND REEL. Shilling in London—Quarter Here.

(This is not to be read by H. Somers)

DUKE REDRUP

Our Former Classmate, Who Now Resides in California, Is Having the Time of His Sweet Young Life.

Redrup, who is known as the Duke among the Mack Sennet bathing girls, is sure getting to be some village cut-up since he left us. Last week he gave a house-party at his country home near Los Angeles in honor of his bathing friends. It was a great success except for a narrow escape from death.

The other day, after a dip in the ocean, the Duke suggested that they take a little trip of two or three hours in his twenty passenger hydroplane. They decided to go around to Cuba to get their throats dampened. I don't know what they were going to dampen their throats with unless it would be some liquid other than water, because there is plenty of water where they were. They carried out the suggestion, but had an accident on the return trip.

The Duke gave the pilot money to get some gas with; instead he got spiffed, pickled, drunk, or whatever you wish to call it.

While traveling along the coast of California the pilot went to sleep, and they all jumped for their lives and got them, since the water is soft within the three-mile limit of this dry country. No one was injured, but the rest of the party escaped injury. This will be the Duke's last trip to Cuba, as he brought enough under his belt to last for some time.

VILLA MARLOWE ATTACKS CITIZEN OF OMOLETTE

Egg Center, Mex., July 4, 4,000 B. C.—The entire city was put into uproar today when a wild American, later found to be Villa Marlowe, started a fight in a local Bevo Cafe.

The affair soon became very skrambled and it was not until the local militia ordered "Eggs Over" that the scrap seemed well done.

Ima Vamp, the local belle, is the cause of this wild desperado's presence in the peaceful community, and since his residence here the police records show that the murder record has been raised 100 per cent.

As a result of this fray the entire militia is in need of reinforcement, their losses being very great since their arms were of no avale against the fire-crackers in the hands of the woman-mad man.

It was later found that the desperado was only celebrating the coming independence of America.

DESPERATE GANG AT WORK AGAIN

New York, Jan. 34, 4,000 B. C.—Police authorities, under orders from Washington, and in conjunction with the entire police, are attempting to run down a daring gang of criminals known as the H. R. C.'s. Their latest exploit was kidnapping the entire chorus of the Listen Lester Company. Among their daring deeds was the sacking of the United States Treasury and the abduction of the ex-Kaiser.

$5,000 REWARD
Offered for Their Capture,
DEAD or ALIVE;
Preferably DEAD.

STAFF

MONROE LE ACH
Chief Shoulder Shaker
PAUL ST. VITUS
Jazz Artist
XERXES BULLSLINGER
Cuspidor Cleaner

EDITORIAL

"THINK IT OVER"

The night was dark and stormy. As the moon showed through the knot hole in the barb wire fence you could see the train coming down the track with its bell ringing wet. Bricker knocked a home run and as he was rounding third Nail shot a seven, which put the jinks to the horse races for the day. It was not long after this when Morrison threw down the deck and shouted, "That was some shot, Coss, but I'll bet Kirk. never goes around that fellow with the ball until Ashland wins the pole vault." And so it came to pass the aforesaid happened, which is contrary to a law in Trig., which states that for every action there is an opposite equal reaction. Since Sturges was playing a love game he was very reckless with his cue, then Phil called the nine ball in the corner pocket as the girl on my right made a three-cushioned billiard without the court being lined. As you all know, Karcher made the mile in O flat on a flat track with a flat-headed opponent, but speaking of Ping Pong players, Underwood and Ford are the crookedest members of the H. R. C.'s.

Friends, Romans, and the rest of the members of this large and small bunch of stool pigeons, this has nothing to do with the number and kind of fish one catches on a wedding trip—has it?

Laying all jokes and nonsense aside, and coming down to the fine points of this editorial, of which there are many, Napoleon would have been a much greater man if Cleopatra had not persuaded Caesar to tell Alexander the Great to lead his ten thousand through the wilderness for forty years without water or drink. Am I not right, according to History? I thought so.

A FEW SELECT POEMS

By IMA BOOB

Feet like Frank Schreidt's all remind
us;
We can make our life sublime;
And in departing leave behind us
Foot-prints 48 by 9.

I DON'T

My parents taught me not to smoke—
I don't.
Nor to listen to a naughty joke—
I don't.
They make it clear I must not look
At pretty girls, or even think
About intoxicating drink—
I don't.
To dance or flirt is very wrong—
I don't.
Wild youth chase women, wine, and
song—
I don't.
I kiss no girls, not even one;
I do not know how it is done.
You would not think I had much fun—
I don't.

OBITUARY

Ed. Gibson was buried in a specially constructed asbestos coffin. He will need it. Dave Lantz looked at the bier (beer) with flowing eyes.

COURT NEWS

$5,000 LAW SUIT

Aetion was brought against Beechnut Underwood by Ed Dann, who elaims the defendant has not abided by any of the terms of a wager concerning the date of the complainant's marriage to Marian Bradford. While the jury was out, Beechnut called together his feright-house gang and eleaned up the court. Forced verdiet—Not Guilty.

Mart Brieker swore out a warrant for the arrest of Petite Sturges, on the charge of assault and battery. The evidence ineluded finger-nail seratches on the knees, tooth marks on the ankles and a barked shin.

Chick Nail hie-ed up to eourt this morning. When he was brought before Judge Crum, eharged with a raisin-jaek jag, he was given a small fine as he is a regular customer.

Court adjourned, as Judge had to go to Canada to get a drink.

Fifteen minutes later Judge Crum returns properly soused.

B. Perry pinched for swiping the keys off a tyepwriter. Case was an eye-opener for the jury, as Miss Perry brought the latest from Paris.

THE MOVIE HOUSE
ON THE HILL

DARING—DEATH DEFYING

KATHERINE KOLLER

—IN—

KATIE'S KALAMITIES

LAST EPISODE

Admission—$.15
One Ford Given With Each Ticket

STARTLES WORLD BY DISCOVERY

Chi, Jan. 32, 4,000 B. C.—Herbert Bloss, the wonderful explorer, in his report to the Undertakers' Union, mentioned his discovery of an island on the Dead Sea. His discovery eame after a five-year search for something to keep the Undertakers' Union alive.

He describes the island as the liveliest place on earth, and in his dealing with the inhabitants he found that it was easy to speak to them, as they learned his ianguage in a few moments, due to their immense brain power. Their secret was fathomed, however, by the elever explorer and in a short time he found that thev were drinking the sap of a native tree, thereby retaining their youth. Orders were sent him by the Union to disregard this discovery as it would ruin their business. He has informed us to keep the matter a dark secret and we attempt to keep our word.

RECENT MARRIAGES

Louise Bissman and Harry Karcher were happily married today, after a long engagement. 4,000 B. C.

THE UNION BARBER SHOPPE

HAIR CUTS A SPECIALTY

EYEBROWS SHAVED

HURSH, THE BARBER
He Shakes a Mean Clipper

WINTER'S DETECTIVE AGENCY

We recently found the LOST KORD, which has been searched for for many years. This is enough for our ability. We keep everything a dark secret.

Present Address:

I KETCHUM KWICK
Booby-Hatch Toledo, Ohio

BOOK REVIEWS

To Mars in a Firecracker .... Dick Hautzenroeder

The World is My Spittoon ....Beechnut Underwood

What I Like in Shelby.....Ben Chase

How to Tame Kerrs.....Ed. Gibson

How One May Live a Pure Life.... .....H. C. Karcher

Exploits of a Minister's Daughter .....K. Koller

My *Winters* in Napoleon .... Marvel Strang

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED

Mr. Jack Berger applied for divorce on grounds of negligence on the part of his wife, Miss B. Perry Berger.

A dog license issued to Vic Leach and Kathryn Sunkle. Hard luck, Leach.

Harland Kochheiser applied for a marriage license dated one year after date, as Miss Edith McLean did not wish the matter to appear suspicious in Leap Year.

WANT COLUMN

Wanted—A large quantity of "pep." Ben Chase.

Wanted—Some one to translate my Latin. Curly Ford.

Wanted—A pair of No. 9 shoes and an 8¾ hat. H. Sturges.

Wanted—A capable person to clean up Crums. Katie Willis.

Wanted—A new leg for the piano stool in the auditorium. Bee Perry.

Wanted—An experienced talker to keep Helen Bein from talking so much.

Wanted—To know who took my umbrella, by Freshman, with a bone head.

Wanted—More cuspidors in the board room by the male members of the staff.

Wanted—A flying hearse to take away the remains of the staff after the annual is published.

Wanted—A detective to run down the H. R. C.'s. None but those with brave ancestors need apply.

Wanted—An expert tuner to tune the organ in the board room, so Bee can furnish entertainment for the staff.

Wanted—To know who the gentleman was whom I saw the other day digging a well with a Roman nose.
I. M. Heir.

Wanted—A professional boxer to give us lessons. The gentleman who applies must be able to knock out Jack Berger, and capable to teach us the trick. Staiger, Crider, Wolfarth.

FOR SALE

For Sale—A piano by a woman with carved feet and old-fashioned square legs.

For Sale—A bungalow by a man with green trimmings, front porch, and a bay window.

For Sale—A bloodhound by a man with long drooping ears, long tail and short legs.

LOST AND FOUND

Lost—A bet, also, my hair. P. Hursh.

Found—Where Ben Chase goes every Saturday night. By I Won't Tell.

THE HIBERNIAN UPRISING

Slowly the Hibernians toiled beneath the pitiless rays of the sun. The woods around them buzzed with countless noises of summer; bees hummed, birds sangs—the whole world teemed with life.

Noticeable among the toilers was the tall figure of Mulcahy, their leader. His blazing hair and Simian features stood out from among the rest of the laboring harps like a pug nose at a Yiddish banquet. To him the rest of the micks looked for leadership, for he was the most powerful of them all. One swipe of one of his ham-like hands was sufficient to lay a strong man cold for half a day, and consequently his word was law.

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, a feeling of suppressed excitement ran through the men—a sort of undercurrent of unrest. They were waiting for The Call! When it came, they would arise, and the peaceful pursuits of commerce would be forgotten in the fury of their onslaught.

From time to time Mulcahy would straighten his back, and peer anxiously toward the east, where, through the trees, a line of white tents could be seen, spread out over the gently rolling hills like the scattered pages of a Sunday supplement on the parlor floor. When would it come? As he looked for the fiftieth time, a clear, distinct note came to the men. The Call! Immediately their faces were illuminated by an almost supernatural light. The time had come, and no power on earth could stop them now! Picks and shovels were cast aside, as, led by the stalwart Mulcahy, the entire section gang broke into a run for the construction camp, to answer the call of the dinner gong.

"I have done my bit, dear," Harry murmured after having seated Louise on a bench among the palms. "Why do you avoid me?"

"Well," she answered, "you may have raised that horrid moustache for the school's sake, but you need never ask me to kiss you again."

Dear Helen: Upon my knee
I beg of thee
To marry me.
H. Marlow.

(Found among the personal papers of Helen Heath)
O! Harry!

IN CHEMISTRY CLASS

Mr. Sterret—"If an automobile was traveling sixty miles and hit an object, what would be the result?"

Peg. A.—"Junk."

In biology, Miss Aberle, speaking of a lima bean which she had given Helen Sigler to draw: "Helen, you have an imperfect bean."

Clarence Eckert—"I wish this was my Freshman instead of my Senior year."
They say there are three of them.

Miss Patterson in English—"They may be written in pen or ink!"

BUSY-NESS

The busy blacksmith in his shop
Shoes horses like the dickens,
While in the garden is his wife
As busy shooing chickens.

Kate Willis—"Bee, are you going to get a new suit, as expensive as they are?"
Bee P.—"Sure. I got plenty of Jack."

Ralph G.—"I've got a beastly cold in my head."
David C.—"Cheer up, old chap! Even a cold is better than nothing."

Sturges to Crum—"Gee whiz, cut it out, you guys are always picking on me; I am about getting tired of it."

"Thelma, would you scream if I kissed you?"
"Certainly." (Silence)
"Say, 'Dit.', father's deaf."

Miss Blake to Shurley Beam—"What gender is river."
Shurley—"Well, it is not personified enough to denote people."

City Guy—"How's the milk maid?"
Country Lass—"It isn't made, sir; the cow gives it."

Son (to dad just arrived)—"Well, father, how are you?"
Dad—"As fine as silk, son."
Son—"Then you'll be soft to touch."

John C.—"I have seen you running around with a lot of men."
Eliz. E.—"But, dear, I am on my last lap now."

Prof. F. (in Algebra)—"Order, order, gentlemen."
"Gus" (half asleep)—"It's no use. They haven't anything but Bevo."

LET'S SQUEEZE IN HERE!

We, she and I, stood there together, perilously near each other. Her beauty maddened me. The sweet-scented perfume that such beautiful women affect, intoxicated me. The sweet fragrance of her hair filled my nostrils. Our eyes met. She smiled faintly. My breath came in gasps. She swayed toward me. My breath came faster. Some force seemed to be crushing her in my arms. For a moment we clung together. Then—"Everyone hold their own tickets, please," bawled the ticket taker. She preceded me through the door of my favorite movie house. The surging crowd swallowed her up. I never saw her again.

NEW TITLE HOLDER IN M. H. S.

Wednesday, March 24, 1920. During noon hour, at the east side of Kline's Grocery, W. Rusk won the Marble Championship Title of the World by defeating the former champion in a very exciting game.

A large crowd witnessed the game, as there was no admission charged.

The name of the former champ is "Red." Regardless of the fact that he is but five years old, he shoots a wicked Agate. His defeat was due to the late hour of retiring the night before (8:30). "Red" took the defeat in true sportsmanship fashion.

Rusk is prepared to defend his title against all comers, providing they furnish the marbles. We are confident that it will take a superhuman marble player to defeat this good-looking champion, as he has a large body of rooters, and he keeps in perfect training. His motto is, ALWAYS PREPARED.

And we are told those coats of mail we hear so much about were only knight-shirts.

"Now I can pursue my studies," said the student when he was told he was behind in them.

Tourist (gazing at a volcano)—"Looks like Hell, doesn't it?"
Native—"How these Americans have traveled."

In Civics (Russell May reading a report on police duties)—"Policemen are supposed to have fine physiques, and to take care of the city. They are paid what they are worth."

Paul W.—"Oh, Gee, if that's the case, our police force should be owing the city money."

Sam—"Max, is you all plumb crazy? What fer you got you old pants on hindside foremost?"

Rastus—"Sh! Don't talk so loud. You see, I's invited to a party tonight, an' I'se gettin' the bulge out of de knees."

Two students were up in the mountains hunting. Burnsides, carrying the gun, saw a grouse and carefully took aim.

"Burnsides," shouted Jack, "don't shoot! The gun ain't loaded."

"I've got to," yelled Burnsides, "the bird will never wait."

IN THE DRESSING ROOM

Ford—"Say, who spit tobacco juice on the floor?"
Frappe (confessingly)—"I believe it was me."
Ford—"Give me a chew."

Earl Davis to Helen Bishop:—

"To Helen I would fain propose,
  But that I fear her scorn;
For though her mouth is like a rose,
  Her tongue is like a thorn!"

PHOOLISHNESS!

Her hair was like a heap of gold;
And eyes—like stars they were!
Three hundred pounds she tips the scales,
Oh, how I envy her!

We should never trust a stuttering man, for he always breaks his word.

Customer—"Raisin pie?"
Waiter—"Nope. Got a pie plant."

Mr. Chapman—"What's the most nervous thing next to a woman?"
H. Sawhill—"Me—next to a woman."

Cop—"What's that on your hip?"
Eli—"A gun."
Cop—"It looks like a flask."
Eli (nervously)—"I swear to God it's a gun."

Old time has killed the birds we loved,
No wonder we are glum.
For there will be no swallows now
In the New Year's Eves to come.

O O OH!

What makes everyone want to kiss "Lizzie?"
Her lipstick. (Enuf said.)

Mr. Foster—"Say, Bee, I often wondered why they called you Bee."
Bee—"Why?"
Mr. Foster—"Because there are always so many fellows buzzing around you."

THEN THE BATTLE BEGAN

Biggles—"Did I ever tell you what a fright I got on my wedding-day?"
Wiggles—"Tut, tut, man; you should not speak that way of your wife."

"Would you like to take a walk with me?"
"But I don't know you—"
"Ah, but what you don't know won't hurt you."

A woodpecker lit on a Freshie's head,
And settled down to drill.
He bored away for half a day,
And finally broke his drill.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

"What keeps the people from fallin' off the earth when we are upside down?"
"Why, the law of gravity, of course."
"But how did the people stick on before the law was passed?"

An M. H. S. student took a seat in a street car next to a negro woman with a small boy on her lap. The boy was making a most terrible racket and annoying everyone in the car. The student spoke:
"Madam, I think your little boy is spoiled."
"Doan you believe it, mistuh. He ain't spoiled. He just smells that way natchural."

Herman B.—"I was over to see my girl last night when some one threw a brick through the window and hit the poor girl in the side!"
Dale—"Did it hurt her?"
Herm.—"No! but it broke three of my fingers."

Mrs. Chase—"Throw that gum away."
W. Pierce—"That would be wasting a penny."
Voice (in rear of room)—"Swallow it then."

Prof.—"Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."
Student—"Are you sure?"
Prof.—"I'm certain."

Paul Hursh attributes his good looks to Pompeian Night Cream. Everyone should use it. (Look what it did for Hursh.)

Eng. Teacher—"If you saw a train coming down the track, what would you say, "Here she comes?"
Bright Pupil—"Not if it were a mail train."

Teacher—"What is the highest type of animal life?"
Freshie—"The giraffe."

Father—"My son took geometry from you last year."
Teacher—"I beg your pardon; he was exposed to it, but it didn't take."

Ruth—"Why did you refuse him when you admit you love him?"
Flo—"He said he couldn't live without me and it aroused my curiosity."

Freshmen look around with awe,
Sophomores call the Freshies raw.
Juniors have had time to thaw,
Seniors, they lay down the law.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
The night was full of air.
Somebody took the bridge away
And left me standing there.

"So this is Paris," said the leg to the garter.

The shimmie is a classical interpretation of a cold night.

As some one once said, the "if" is the biggest part of "life."

Real democracy—where everybody in the street car has his own newspaper.

He—"May I kiss your hand?"
She (lifting her veil)—"My gloves are on."

Frank S.—"I heard you were stewed last night. How did you get that way?"
Clar. W.—"I inhaled the fumes of an auto radiator."

Mr. Foster—"The figure of that trapezoid looks like an aeroplane."
"Bus" G.—"I made it that way so I could raise my grade."

Martha K.—"Mr. Whitehouse made quite a long talk in chapel this morning."
Dorothy L.—"Yeah? What was he talking about?"
M. K.—"He didn't say."

Helen E.—"Has an octopus really eight arms?"
"Jerry"—"Yes, love."
Helen (wistfully)—"Wouldn't it be nice if you were an octopus, dear?"

NOT ACQUAINTED

"Say, is that the moon rising over there?"
"I'm sure I don't know. I'm a stranger here myself."

He (snuggling a little closer)—"Dearie, there's something I've been trying to tell you for a week back."
She—"Oh! George. This is so sudden."
He—"Try Sloan's liniment."

My son, have you learned in natural history which one of the senses is most developed in animals?"
"Yes, sir; the sense of smell."
"Good. Now, give an example."
"The skunk!"

Iiology Answers

1. Louise Bissman
2. Thelma Balyeat
3. Ruth Bell
4. Harry Karcher
5. Mabel Hancock
6. Earl Davis
7. Victor Leach
8. Martin Bricker
9. Paul Watts
10. Bernice Dickson
11. Paul Schultz
12. Charles Nail
13. Helen Bishop
14. Gus Fox
15. Ruth Helter
16. Naomi Terman
17. Helen Bein
18. Ed. Dann

Price List of Tulip Bokays

1. Hale Sturges
2. Earl Davis
3. Ruth Bell
4. Martin Bricker
5. Bernice Dickson
6. Paul Shultz
7. Ed. Dann
8. Thelma Balyeat
9. Victor Leach
10. Naomi Terman
11. Gus Fox
12. Helen Bein
13. Paul Watts
14. Helen Bishop
15. Louise Bissman
16. Charles Nail
17. Ruth Helter
18. Mabel Hancock
19. Harry Karcher

ENGRAVINGS
IN THIS BOOK
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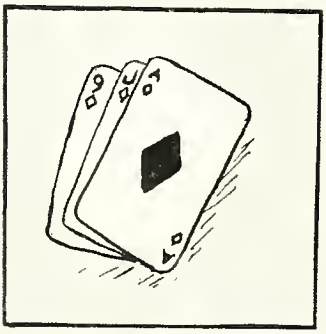
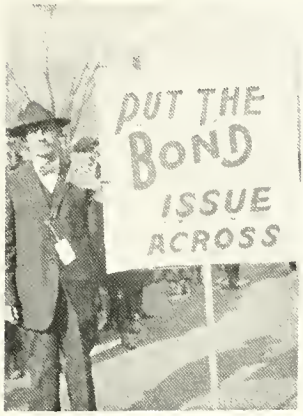
The NORTHERN
ENGRAVING CO.
SCHOOL ANNUAL
ENGRAVERS
CANTON, OHIO.

Snap Shots





Charley

Oddz
---
zan

Endz
--

Teachers Trials

"Knutz"

"Glad to see you're back"

Bennie

Work!

Extra, Sub-assistant, Scrubs

A pelle

—2'—

"Fill"

Space filler.

BOYS

THAT'S

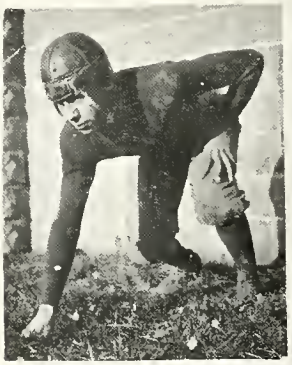
ALL

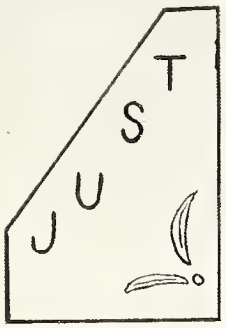
The Earl

Industrial

"G.W."

Knights of the Mud

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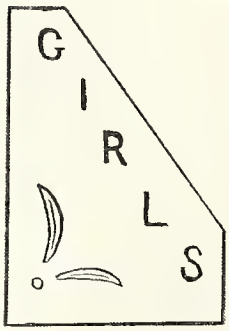

GIRLS

NORWALK

BEFORE AND AFTER

The "Scrub" team

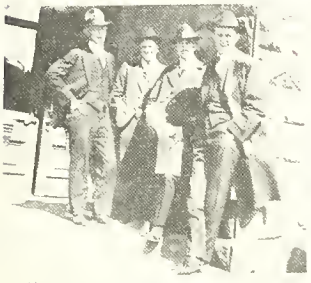
DOWN!

OR

WHICH IS THE DUMMY

"Ee"

*!?!



"The Six 4

Spy

G[illegible]o Looks

SMILES

Nat—ie

"Ye Gods"

[illegible] G.W.

A Scandal?

-QT-

SENIOR PLAY

Her Great Match

Prince Ferdinand of the House of Belogradchik	Paul Watts
Mr. Botes	Paul Randall
Cyril Botes	Paul Schultz
Mr. Wilton, a Lawyer	Warren Loomis
Hallen	Herbert Bloss
Weeks	Lyman Moore
Jo Sheldon	Helen Richard
Mrs. Sheldon	Beatrice Perry
Vic Botes	Helen Bishop
Duchess of Belogradchik	Dorothy Haverfield
Countess	Naomi Terman

Those who failed to see "Her Great Match," as given by the Seniors on June second, missed the crowning triumph of the year. In presenting this play, the cast accomplished something well worth while, for Maxine Elliot and Charles Cherry starred in the original presentation and indeed the play is generally considered too difficult for amateur production. When you consider the splendid acting, it is hard to realize that the cast had only four short weeks to master the whole affair. To Mr. Rinehart, the coach, a great deal of credit is due. Anyone on the cast will declare that he made them work with the very best that was in them. There was one whose name was not printed on the program but who worked long and faithfully as promoter, mechanic and general assistant—allow us to introduce Ed. Gibson, the man of all work.

We believe that everyone will agree that this romance centering around a selfish woman's ambition and the desire of the newly-rich for social position, was one of the most successful plays ever given by M. H. S. and that all credit and honor should be given to all those who helped to make it what it was.

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